

THE ECHO

Commencement
Number

JUNE

1915

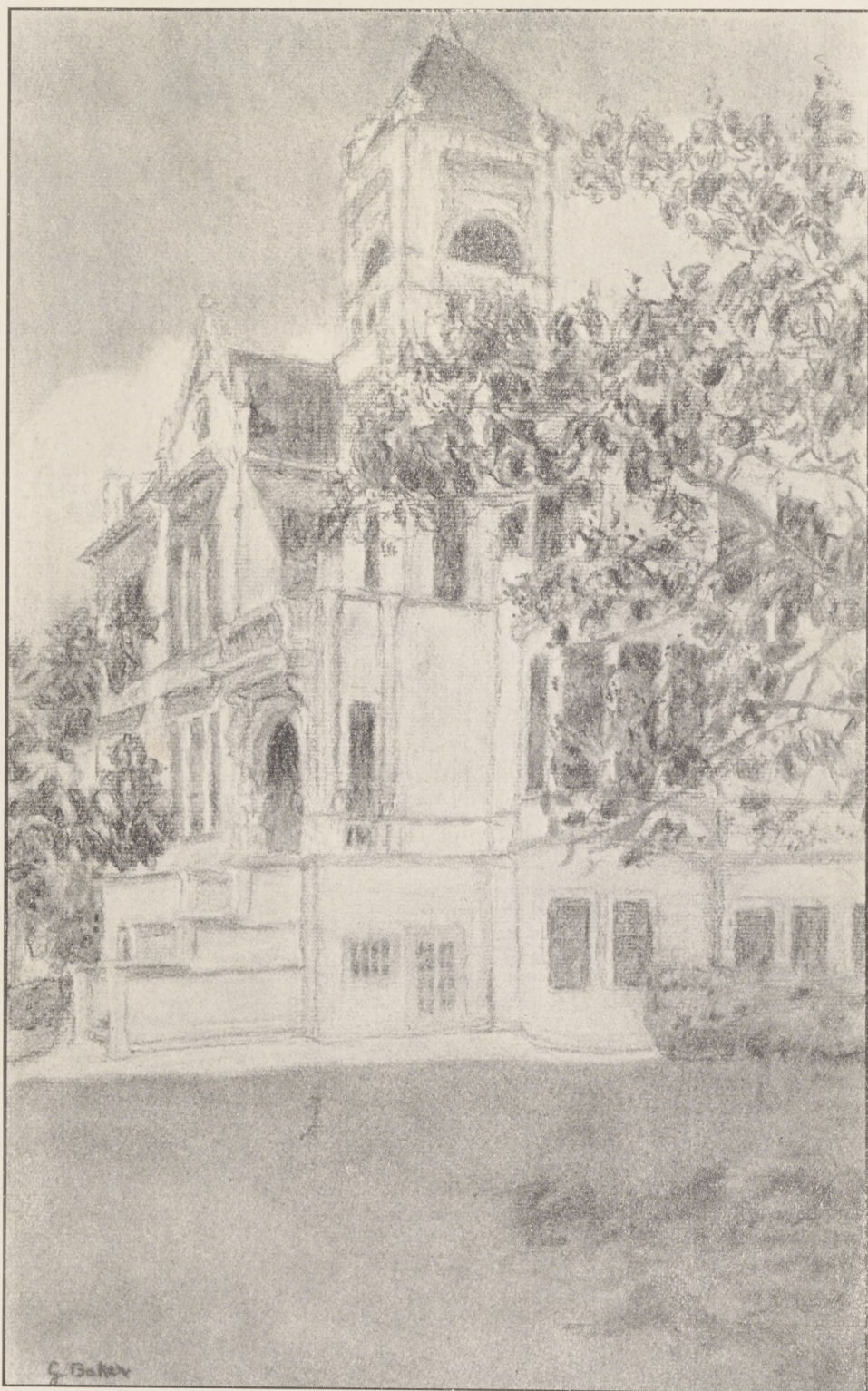
Lillian Seymour

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TO
MISS FRANCES L. O'MEARA
THIS ISSUE OF
THE ECHO
IS DEDICATED
IN APPRECIATION OF HER
INTEREST AND ASSISTANCE IN THE
SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

SENIORS



Senior Flower

SEMPER FIDELIS

CLASS OFFICERS



Leona Garner, Vice-President
Elmer Crist, Representative

Seawell Farwell, President
John Matthews, Sec. and Treas.



Grace Titus

Francis Finley

Fay Erwin

Alice Koford

Emma Davaz



Vivian Bolton

Gladys Tuttle

Elma Quinby

Ruth Todd

Myrna Moore



Florence Luttrell

Zelma Carithers

Olivia Smith

Margaret Forsyth

Mildred Richardson



John Russell

Earle Baum

Earl Covey

Arthur Farnlof

Clyde Stewart



Vivienne Collister

Claire Coltrin

Lillian Seymour

Mildred Kyle

Sophie Seymour



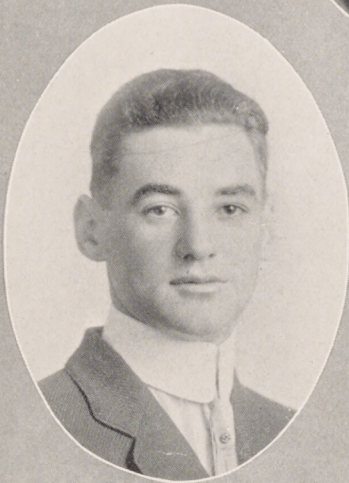
Hazel Ramage

Fanita Jewell

Margaret Smith

Aileen Randall

Ruth Anderson



Fred Adams

Chauncey Peterson

Clifford Merritt

Amandus Kistler

Albert Entzminger



Pauline Stahl

Lily Nelligan

Genevieve O'Connor

Matilda Nelson

Madge Wheeler



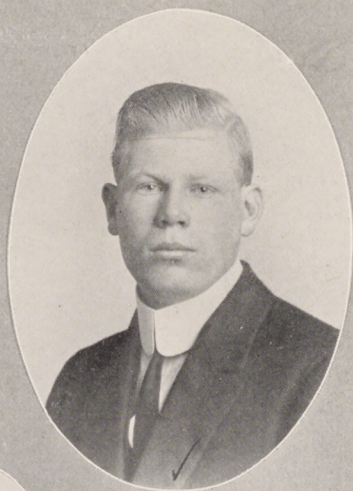
Venna Bartleson

Lois Welch

Viney McDonald

Edna Knight

Juanita Melvin



Dain Yarnell

Carl Steinnort

Erle Rogers

Edward Koford

Faiji Mashihara



Viola Graham *manila*

Alma McDaniels *D*

Alice Simpson

Bernice Rowe *D*

Ruth Wilson *D*



Elizabeth Hendren

Ruth Lambert

Bessie Jonas

Louisa Peterson

Zalene Manion



Isabella Tod



Donald Seaton

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CLASS HISTORY
(By Isabella Tod)

Although no one would ever suspect that we, the wise and versatile class of 1915 were ever Freshies, as an honest class we cannot deny that such a name was once applied to us by other members of the High School when we entered. After much deliberation and advice from the principal, Mr. Searcy, who filled us with awe, we were registered in August, 1911. At the same time we were told that we were such insignificant, untrained mortals that we were to be seated in the front of the study hall. That first day of school holds memories for us which we do not care to resurrect. The Freshmen Reception, given in our honor, proved a dreaded but delightful experience to those of us who were not too bashful to attend.

Many who are now graduating entered High School in January, 1912, when we old ones were dignified by the appellation of "stale Freshies." Since many of this class have caught up with us, we will say that they made no more mistakes than we did—and we enjoyed that fact; but we didn't have to stand trembling outside the study hall doors, until given permission to enter single file. Although we had on great honors heaped upon us during our emerald year, most of our classmates became interested in school activities.

Compared with our last two years, our Sophomore year was uneventful. Mr. Montgomery became principal. The Annex was completed and our stars, Koford, Merritt, Russell and Peterson became really distinguished in athletics.

We became very necessary to the school in our Junior year. We chose our class pins much to our satisfaction, but to no one else's. At Christmas, 1913, our monthly was changed to a weekly, and we were even more prominent on the paper staff. With the coming of the dean, Mrs. Adams, jolly social times began. During the fall term, we had a party at Fanita Jewell's, and later a "hard times" party at Elma Quinby's. At the end of the year, we bade goodbye to the Seniors with a very successful Junior Prom.

Last August we came back to school Seniors. What magic in that word! Early in the semester we had a picnic at Pine Lake, arranged for us by our new dean, Miss Moodey. We were full of class spirit and couldn't even be quelled by the proprietor of a candy store who objected to our school yells.

Fred Hatch, the president of our class, was elected editor of the school paper, of which we were all justly proud. This term Fanita Jewell was elected editor. Besides other class and school social events, we have been entertained by Ruth Anderson, Erle Rogers and Clifford Merritt. The Junior Prom, Senior picnic and Senior theatre party at Sebastopol have also served to divert our attention from our arduous studies. This semester, Seawell Farwell, who has been a very able executive, was elected president of our class. We selected "Sherwood," Alfred Noyes' famous tragedy, for our Senior play, and in spite of its many difficulties made it a success.

As Seniors we are the best athletes and best debaters of the school, as

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we should be. Eddie, Jack, Boots, Eva, Covey and Baum and several others have distinguished themselves and won the Inter-class meet for us. Our debating members are: Leo Sullivan, Alice and Edward Koford.

Now, after having completed our High School course, we are leaving the old school for the greater work which lies before us. As we stand on the threshold of graduation, we are glad for all the lessons you have taught us, dear old school, and it is with sorrow that we bid you good-bye.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1915

We, the class of June, '15, having convinced our teachers that we are finished products, seek to be relieved of many burdens and responsibilities which are now upon us. After due consideration of everything, we will and bequeath the following:

To the Freshmen we bequeath this kindly advice:

Don't try excuses with Miss O'Meara,—“a word to the wise is sufficient.”

To the band we leave one hound to increase its harmony.

To the music department we sorrowfully leave Wesley Colgan, the rock that wrecked the Hesperus.

To the Juniors we bestow the honor of emulating the Minerva of our study hall, and we also leave to them, in trust, our Senior seats.

To the Sophomores, we leave the school javelin to spear the elusive E's, and a bottle of glue to stick them to Mrs. Yost's Book of Records.

To the entire Student Body we wish to leave the impression that it was in honor of the graduating class of 1915 of Santa Rosa High, that San Francisco decided to have a world's fair.

To the various students of our school, individual members of the '15 class have decided to bequeath the following:

I, Elma Quimby, bequeath to the quiet Freshmen all my boldness. My ability to get “E” in deportment I gladly leave to Don Drysdale. My ability to give an oral report in History 12B I leave to anyone who is willing to spend four nights a week at the library, and who will read thoroughly all the references that Mr. Steele suggests.

I, Zelma Carithers, do leave to Marie Rosenberg my queenly attributes. To Gladys Pond I leave my innocent expression, to be used in all emergencies.

I, Sophie Seymore, leave my fondness for Senior parties to Margery Ellis, and my beloved yellow sweater to Mildred Wright, realizing that the two, her own and mine, will blend very well.

I, Genevieve O'Connor, give all my lost raven locks to Dorothy Wright, knowing they would make a matchless switch for her own golden tresses. To Dorothy Brush I leave full use of the basement mirror from 1:05 to 1:10 p. m.

I, Gladys Tuttle, leave all the advice I have received on how to speak

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correctly to James Stanislawsky. My strong and husky appearance I leave to Russell James.

I, Bernice Rowe, knowing that rest is near, leave all my trials and tribulations to frivolous Freshmen, hoping that it will teach them the dignity of a High School student. My own dignified behavior I bestow on Catherine Crane.

I, Matilda Nelson, to relieve my conscience of that awful burden, do leave to Ora Caldwell those ten pages of Roman History that I was asked to copy for Mrs. Wells. My beloved green dress and my willowy figure I leave to Mona Kelly.

I, Dain Yarnell, wish to leave my ability as an actor to Wayne Weeks, and my grin to Milbe Pardee, that he may not be so solemn.

I, Zalene Manion, desire to leave to Gladys Sherman all the dramatic ability she should have gained by watching my performances in the dramatic class; but the knowledge I have attained there, I wish to take with me, hoping it will meet the approval of any 1915 graduates who frequent the moving picture houses.

I, Margaret Smith, leave my interest in the orchestra to Isabella Bolton, and my dignified behavior in the English composition class I leave to Brick Lambert. My contagious little giggle I think would improve Mae Hodgson's masculine laugh.

I, Vivienne Collister, realizing that my days here have been lessened by the terrible shock of finding that I can graduate, do regretfully leave my valued ring (it belongs to Ray) in the care of Mr. Montgomery; with the instructions that it be placed in the cabinet with the cups, and be kept under lock and key.

I, Earl Baum, knowing that my happy hunting ground awaits me, do hereby bequeath my gay, frivolous spirit to Leona Alley, hoping that she may derive as much pleasure from it as I have.

I, Sewell Farwell, as the dignified president of the '15 class, hereby leave my staid decorum to the Freshmen class. My genius in furnishing brain-food for the boys' chem. class I leave to Howard Fry.

I, Clyde Stewart, do hereby make my last will and testament. My ability to convince my teachers that I really know something, I leave to Homer Percy. My last request is that Miss Crane gently lay my Trig. books and papers in her private waste basket.

As I leave this vale of tears, I, Earl Covey, the renounced author of "How to Raise and How to Cultivate a Moustache," do hereby leave all my interests in that famous publication to Sammy Kistler.

As my eyes grow dim, I, Louise Peterson, do hereby make this my last will and testament. My quiet and unassuming manner I leave to Fay Hiatt. The care of my sister Roselle, I entrust to Orien Reno.

I, Albert Entzminger, feel that it is full time that I bequeath my present possessions to the most deserving. To Edith Miller I leave my ability as a Dutch shark. My school spirit I leave to the Junior Class, to be distributed

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equally among its members. My howling success as yell leader I leave to Ross Pool.

I, Margaret Forsyth, leave my haughty manner and immaculate appearance to Lenora Shearer. My seat beside the chauffeur of the Lozier I leave to Anna Fiske, and my deepest regards I leave to Salem Pohlmann.

I, Isabella Tod, do hereby bequeath my blouses to Ruby Peterson to add to her collection. My ability to attain the presidency of the upper class girls, together with the honor of presiding, the dreadful speeches, my place as a hostess at all the teas, and all my numerous duties, I leave to anyone who has a requisite amount of patience, enthusiasm, and dignity.

I, Fanita Jewell, leave my honored place as editor, which, I believe has shortened my days, to those who are able to secure majorities at future elections. To induce some member of our school to run for the office, I herein declare that I have lost three and one-half pounds during the term.

I, Bessie Jonas, realizing that the Sophomore boys will miss my gentle advice given at our confidential chats during recess, relinquish all claims on them to any motherly Junior girl.

I, Carl Steinnort, leave my superfluous growth of hair to any institution that will make it into a wig for "Bally" O'Connor. My monopoly of the company of Miss Crane I relinquish to Vernon McGough.

I, Fay Erwin, leave my ability to fathom the depths of English XII to Irving Cameron, advising him to put it under lock and key until time to make use of this valuable bequest.

I, Grace Titus, do bequeath my knowledge in Latin to any student whom Mrs. Leddy may find lacking in this superior language. I also do hereby bequeath my frown to Mildred Richardson to add to her own supply.

I, John Matthew, on this momentous occasion, leave to my small brother, my popularity with the fair sex. My ability as a wandering minstrel I leave to the unfortunate Senior who may be chosen next year for that part in the Senior play.

I, Elizabeth Hendren, leave my treasured giggle, to be bestowed upon the most deserving, while my hobby for deer hunting I leave to any girl who can find as much pleasure in the sport as I have.

I, Frances Finley, as a former member of the illustrious class of the "Fair" year, do hereby bequeath my sunny disposition and winning manner to Anna Fisk. My love for the free and unadulterated country air I leave to the Freshmen class, hoping that they will thrive as I have.

I, Emma Davaz, feeling that the end approaches, hereby leave to the school a statue of myself, to be placed in the rear of the study hall, opposite that of Minerva.

I, John Russell, in the hour of my doom, desire to make the following bequests. My position as "Mr. Steele's Pet," I leave to Wayne Weeks. To any worthy South-sider I leave my ancient title of "Boots" and my English low-cuts.

I, Donald Seaton, after due consideration, leave my various trophies, relics of my numerous conquests of the fair sex, to Tom Miller. My treas-

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ured high-heeled shoes I leave to Gladys Pond. My "peg-top" trousers I bestow upon Donald Carithers.

I, Ruth Wilson, reluctantly leave my coal-black tresses to Ruby Peterson. My noisy, boisterous manner I leave to timid, little Ralph Brown.

I, Venna Bartleson, leave my popularity to Mabel Kuhn, and my heavy locks to Liela Green. My ability as a music shark I leave to Howard Fry.

I, Alice Simpson, leave my brilliancy in History to Donna Lambert, and my spirit in all school affairs to Ferne Huckaby.

I, Juanita Melvin, an illustrious and highly-esteemed member of this wonderful class, leave my great admiration for Chau to Edith Coffey.

I, Claire Coltrin, leave my musical ability to Isabelle Bolton; my brilliancy in harmony I leave to whoever desires it.

I, Ruth Anderson, leave my beautiful hair to Frances Pannel, to aid her in the arrangement of her tresses.

I, Mildred Kyle, wishing to make my last will and testament, leave to any nice Junior boy my beloved sister, Edith.

I, Mildred Richardson, wish to leave my school spirit, for which I have been so noted, to Teddy Kellogg, so that he may be popular with his fellow students.

As the day of judgment draws near, realizing that I have no further use for such possession, I, Chauncey Peterson, leave countless broken hearts to one more deserving than I. To Howard Fry I leave those simple charms which have made me the idol of the school. My ambition to become a member of the clergy and join the Uplift Club of Santa Rosa High, I leave to Tom Miller.

I, Hazel Ramage, realizing that I have no further use for my possessions, consider it my duty to bestow upon some unfortunate soul all my treasures. To Mary Bennett I leave my beautiful blue waist, knowing full well that she will wear it as faithfully as I have worn it.

I, Ruth Todd, do desire to bestow my gifts as follows: To anyone who has to wait for a chum after school, I leave my most sincere sympathy; to Dale Hollingsworth I leave all my extra E's, to improve his record; and to Donald Lucas I leave my studious ways, that they may improve his own.

I, Viola Graham, upon this joyful occasion, do desire to make my will as follows: The care of my small sister I leave to the faculty; my ability to make High in three years I leave to anyone who cares to work.

I, Clifford Merritt, the insignificant, leave my voracious and unenviable appetite to "Fat" Colgan. To Wm. Heitsmith I will my cactus cheeks, hoping that by careful nursing of the non-Burbank spines he may some day appear to be a man. On condition that he wear it as faithfully as I have done, I leave my old brown shirt to Ted Kellogg.

I, Arthur Farnlof, of pugilistic frame, hereby leave my old farm duds to Russel James, knowing he will have frequent occasion for their use. To enable him to dip in the three-step, I leave my fondness for dipping prunes to Sammy Kistler.

I, Lillian Nelligan, leave all my worry over Civics to the Junior class, so

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that they will realize the trials of U. S. History. My Underwood diploma, and my ability as a typist, I leave to Ruby Peterson.

I, Alma McDaniels, the pride of the basketball team, do, upon this solemn occasion, deed my orange and black cap to the care of Miss Moodey.

I, Edna Knight, will my loud voice and my ability to disturb other people in the Study Hall, to Wes Colgan, hoping his gentle voice and his quiet actions will be increased by my donations.

I, Madge Wheeler, wish to leave to Lelia Greene my rosy cheeks; and my monopoly of Gertrude Mathew, I leave to her brother, Theodore, to bestow on someone as deserving as I.

I, Leona Garner, have decided to leave to Fred Wright all my history note-books so that he may convince Mr. Steele that he has a thorough knowledge of History, and thereby secure an E. My interest in all tall boys, especially in Cliff and Eddie, I am willing to give to anyone who can reach my high endeavors.

I, Ruth Lambert, the pride of Hist. 12B, have decided to leave my choice seat in Room 11 (Row 5, Seat 1), to Harry Luce.

I, Vivian Bolton, fearing that I shall soon forget dear old Hi, do hereby state that I leave all my ability as an actress to the next person that may be chosen for the leading role of the next Senior play; my ability to win my teachers' affections so that they give me an E, I leave to Morton Farwell, hoping that he will have as much success as I have had.

I, Lois Welch, do leave my great ability as a tragedienne and villainess to Marjory Wright. My musical talent I leave to Bernadette Hehir. May she use this accomplishment to great advantage.

In this, my last will and testament, I, Florence Luttrell, desire to leave my dreamy expression to Gladys Hawley. My habit of worrying I leave to Joe Maddux, in the hope that he may not take life as easily as he has in the past.

I, Elmer Crist, the illustrious baseball player, leave my fame as such to Wesley Colgan. My position as assistant in the Chemistry Lab. I leave to Robert Whiting.

I, Taiji Mashihara, the silent, do hereby make this my last will and testament. First, my habit of arriving at school at nine o'clock sharp, I leave to Ernie Richards. My skill in decorating ceilings (I refer to the Chem. Lab,) I leave to the occupants in the rear of the Study Hall, hoping that by careful practice they may become as adept at the art of interior decoration as I am.

I, Fred Adams, wish to leave my glasses to Mr. Steele, so that he may detect any one inattentive in History 12; and my wonderful ability as a shorthand shark, to Robert O'Connor, to aid him in his study of that subject.

I, Olivia Smith, wishing to make my last will and testament, do leave to Dorothea Clark my fondness for the boys. My craze for having the latest styles I leave to Alma Shane.

I, Pauline Stahl, leave to the Student Body my ability as a soprano soloist.

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I, Viney McDonald, wishing to bequeath some earthly treasures to my friends upon my departure, will my fetching manner to Dorothy Wright.

Realizing that the end is near, I, Myrna Moore, wish to leave my ability as an English shark and all my extra E's to Emma Fisk.

As the the end approaches, knowing that I cannot further gladden the revellers in the dance by the many new steps that I have invented, I, Edwin Koford, do hereby bequeath my talent in inventing one-steps to two worthy successors, Frank Reno and Walter Hefty.

As the sad day approaches, I, Lillian Seymour, leave my lovely brown eyes to Gertrude Gates; and my unobstrusive manner I leave to Lawrence Lindsey.

I, Alice Koford, the phenomenon of the basketball team, wish to leave all my ability as a player, together with my basketball sweater, to little Angelina Lepori. All my extra credits I leave to Dorothea Clark, so she may be able to make S. R. H. S. in at least five years more.

I, Aileen Randall, sadly and tearfully leave to the care of the faculty, my dear chum, Margery Ellis, entreating them to treat her as kindly as I have treated her. My fear of that terrible object, a baseball, I gladly leave to anyone that ventures across the back school lot.

I, Amandus Kistler, as a member of the illustrious class of '15, do hereby leave my handball ability to Walter Hefty. One of my surplus eyes I leave to George Hattie.

I, Eili Rogers, do hereby make this my last will and testament. The lock of Isabella's hair that I possess, I desire to have placed among the school's trophies as a fitting memento of my many exploits. My ability (?) to "stall" in History 12, I leave to Harry Luce.

Olivia Smith,
Erle Rogers,
Fay Erwin,
Clifford Merritt,
Dick Crist.

Gone But Not Forgotten

POST-MORTEM OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1915

The night of June 18, 2015, was a bitter cold one. The north wind howled through the dark rows of cypress trees that bordered the cemetery. It was twelve o'clock, the appointed hour for ghosts to walk, the shades of the long departed members of the faculty of 1915 were walking through the cemetery searching for another class, as brilliant and illustrious as that of June, 1915. Finally they came to a large clump of cypresses, underneath which the ground was dotted with white slabs. Upon a large, white monument they read the following:

The Immortal Class of June, 1915.

Santa Rosa High School.

Here lies the class that has never been equalled,

In goodness, nor in its service to men.

It shall stand foremost in the ranks of those

Who shall rise, when the dead shall have risen again.

FREDERIC NAPOLEON ADAMS

Commonly known as Colonel Fitzpatrick Prunes, noted Mexican Revolutionist, who after disposing of seventeen presidents, was finally overcome by eating Spanish Beans.

1892—1967

Gone but not forgotten.

RUTH S. CROCKFORD ANDERSON

Jan. 1, 1896—Dec. 25, 1973.

One last gymnastic twister

In behalf of plumper sisters,
proved too great—

Our beloved Ruth Susannah

Now partakes of heavenly manna.

Here Lies

VENNA BARTLESON, "QUEEN OF THE TRAPEZE."

After making seven tours of the world, she took her last death dive, while performing before the Emperor of Abyssinia.

1803—1957

EARL BAUM

1889—1979.

He won fame and was honored by having his name engraved upon a loving cup. After taking thirteen years to complete his essay on Prohibition, he died of heart failure—the result of too freely imbibing from the afore-said cup.

VIVIAN "KELLERMAN" BOLTON

Mar. 17, 1895—Apr. 1, 1956

Oh, stranger shed a melancholy tear

It befits my salty fate,

A large whale I dove too near

And became as Jonah—Bait.

ZELMA CARITHERS

1891—1930

Here lies the world's greatest woman athlete. In the last Olympic game for women, held on the plains of Tibet she broke the world's record in the High Hurdles. A jealous rival robbed her of the joys of victory by striking her with a bomb.

VIVIENNE COLLISTER

Having been so greatly shocked at the news of her unexpected graduation, in 3ff years Vivienne Collister, class of 1915, died the day following the great event.

1896—1915

CLAIRE ST. DENIS COLTRIN

Aug. 1, 1897—Dec. 25, 1960

I tripped the light fantastic

As airy as could be,

The stage was ever drafty

And it made an end of me.

Gone But Not Forgotten

EARL COVEY

Famous as a hair grower and applier of cosmetics. He aided the Czar of Russia in the growth of his beard, and wrote the most instructive of all books, "How to Raise a Moustache."

1823—2000

Here lies

ELMER "CUPID" CRIST

He far surpassed Nat Goodwin's record for the number of wives, his last wife being the Queen of Mauretania. "Dick" had the misfortune to run over a black cat while out riding with a Swiss farm girl, and consequently his last days were full of gloom and misfortune.

1895—1838

EMMA DAVAZ

Our Emma played the Juliet
To Eddie's Romeo,

Why Eddie died from kissing her
Poor Emma did not know.
She swooned from her balcony,
The prop fell to the floor,
The audience was stunned, indeed,
To see a falling star.

1900—1950

ALBERT ENTZMINGER

June 1912—May 1960

Famous S. R. H. S. Noisemaker. Became "Teddy" Roosevelt's press agent. Tired of public life, he returned to the girl he left in Tenton, but the town was so lively that Albert died from over excitement.

FAY ERWIN—SEAWELL FARWELL

1895—1965

1890—1965

Up hill, down dale, a jitney Ford
I drove and howled with glee.
But one day I overloaded it
('Twas Fay Erwin who rode in it)
The gasoline tank exploded—
And it made an end of Fay and me.

ARTHUR FARNLOF

Sept. 9, 1899—Dec. 9, 1999

This bad little boy
Was worse as a man,
Jitneys he owned
And jitneys he ran.
He was a dangerous driver,
Ninety years in a prison he sat;
For nine lives he had ended
By running over a cat.
Here lies the "Miller's Wife"

FRANCIS FINLEY

Her adventurous career has been made the ideal of the world. She completed several walking trips around the globe. While on the twenty-third journey she succumbed while crossing the "Bridge of Sighs."

1895—1978

LEONA GARNER

1898—1971

At conversation she was best,
She put to shame all the rest,
Of course, for her there was a place
A manicurist's parlor she well did grace.
As she talked one day to a big fat man,
Skyward she gazed—Her work she didn't scan,
His finger she severed—?!*!*?? he says,
A blow did fall, she "Rests in Pieces."

VIOLA GRAHAM

The famous accompanist of Sandercox, the noted singer. With him she toured Europe and with him met her death in the sea tragedy of the "Oceania."

1895—1949

Rest in Peace

June 1, 1893—Jan. 1, 1990

ELIZABETH HENDREN

In High School days Elizabeth H. showed much love for History, and after graduation she traveled throughout Europe, explaining the origin of great masterpieces.

Gone But Not Forgotten

EDWARD KOFORD

Bean Brummel II; Booth II.

His motto was "Variety is the Spice of Life," so he married seven times. While playing Romeo with Mlle. Davaz, Ed brought his lengthy career to a close in a most pathetic scene. Romeo tried to kiss his Juliet "Good-bye." He never recovered.

1895—1917

Here lies

FANITA JEWELL

Sept. 1887—Jan. 1971

After graduating from the "College of Good Sense," she was for fifty-three years editress of the "Appeal to Reason."

"Gone, but not forgotten."

BESSIE JONAS

1865—1965

She was greatest of all women broncho busters and won the world's prize at Utah in 1957.

Here lies

AMANDUS "BEACHY" KISTLER

Who for his fair love Mlle. Alma McDaniels circled the world several times in a freak auroplane. While seeking a route to Mars, he collided with the light house at the South Pole, there meeting his death.

1890—1973

"Good Night"

EDNA KNIGHT

1899—1971

Beneath this stone dear Edna lies, A Womans' Hod Carriers' Union she organized.

For the Sultan of Turkey she was building a shack, And while climbing around, she broke her back.

Here lies

SWEET ALICE KOFORD

1899—1999

While writing a book called "The Study of a Lion's Physiognomy," she got too near the Lion's mouth, and seeing the tempting morsel, he ate her. The lion was buried here also.

MILDRED KYLE

Apr. 1, 1896—June 18, 1997

Beneath this sod rests the celebrated author of the "Kyle International Dictionary." She possessed great fluency and a remarkable understanding of words and developed this ability until she was able to give the world a far better dictionary than that of Noah Webster.

Peacefully at rest beneath this earth lies

RUTH LAMBERT

Successor to her sisters as proprietress of the world-famed "Lambert's Millinery Store."

1897—1949

FLORENCE LUTTRELL

A demonstrator, who all her life spent her valuable time showing in her personal appearance the effect of her cosmetics.

1895—1963

Here lies

TAIJI MASHIHARA

of Tokio, Japan.

1898—1998

Whose most unusual death resulted from utter exhaustion, caused by extricating one of the Emperor's gigantic teeth.

VINEY McDONALD

Here lies the faithful pound master of Todd District. She tried, but tried in vain to catch a little French poodle, soon afterward dying of heart failure from the exertion.

1875—1921

Here lies

JUANITA MELVIN

Who during her life employed her talent in describing the inmates of a circus side show. Her death resulted from a broken heart, contracted by flirting with the tattooed man.

1825—1957

Gone But Not Forgotten

LOUISA (TOMMY) PETERSON

1896—1965

Said, "The hand that robs the cradle
Is more mighty than the gun."

ELMA QUIMBY

Born 1890—Died 1951

She was the lass that studied so well,
Studious she was from morn 'til
night.

She know more of History than you
can tell

And more of it than you could write.
She started a history of the present
war,

And all went fine but the Russian
names—

One little example— "Zplepelezor"—..
She died in the home called "Dippy
Dames."

Here lies

HAZEL RAMAGE

1895—1978

Discoverer of the "Ramage Reducer."
Traveling in Southern Asia, she met
an Arab philosopher who gave her this
formula. She bequeathed the secret to
the public and won great esteem.

AILEEN RANDALL

1894—1978

Reader, hear this woeful tale

And try to profit thereby.

This little girl buried here

Never again will dye.

She made a hit with every boy

Throughout great Rincon Valley,

But to be more enticing still

She started another rally;

She dyed her hair a sky-blue-pink,

The men all came a rushing—

She could not manage all of them

So she did die a-blushing.

MILDRED RICHARDSON

Born, Oct. 21, 1893—Died, Jan. 31, 1961

Beneath these stones

Repose the bones

Of our beloved Mildred Richardson.

The Army of Salvation

Was her destination,

Until January thirty-first

Nineteen hundred and sixty one.

ERLE ROGERS

1896—1965

His picture at the age of three.

His loving mother took.

Little curls so tight, so kinky

(Looked just like a pick-a-ninny)..

Really made one laugh to look,

At this picture—Erle was sixty; nine

His wife did look.

She giggled at those curls so kinky

(Said he did look like a ninny)

In a fit of rage, Erle cooked his
goose.

BERNICE ROWE

1878—1945

Her ambition to be stout was never
realized, death occurring early in life.

DONALD SEATON

1825—1925

This man was known as the "Happy
Mr. Seaton." His jovial disposition was
in no way dampened by his life-long
occupation, that of Sexton. In the end
he was overcome by a fit of laughter.

GENEVIEVE O'CONNOR

1898—1950

Whose grace and beauty made her
for many years the most popular of
all the living models, at the 5, 10 and
15-cent store.

SOPHIA SEYMOUR

Here lies Sophia Seymour, anarchist,
nihilist, and president of the ".....
Women's Assassination Associatin."

She accidentally swallowed a bomb
and during a violent sneeze it exploded.

May what lies here of Sophia dear,

Rest in its numerous pieces.

ALICE SIMPSON

1910—1945

Soldier(ess) of Fortune, started a
revolution in Germany and seated
Chas. Chapman upon the throne of the
Kaiser.

Died from eating too much sauer-
kraut mixed with wienies.

ISABELLA TOD

Born 1900—Died 2000

She mourned until she died,

Sacred to the memory of Clyde.

Here lies

Gone But Not Forgotten

MARGARET SMITH
1889—1943

The "Human Nightingale." She established a vocal conservatory, but while singing for the benefit of her class, was arrested for disturbing the peace, and thrown into prison, where she died.

PAULINE STAHL
1897—1971

She eloped with one stout party called "E. G.", and to support him she took in washing. She soon became the head of the "Wash Ladies' Gum Chewing Association." Her death was due to starvation, as she tried to reduce.

CARL STEINNORT
1896—1974

The most famous feminine impersonator since Julian Eltinge. In his re-creation of role of the "Fascinating Widow," lies his chief title to fame. His death was caused by a glance at the box office receipts in a small town.

CLYDE STEWART
Born 1897—Died 1971

C. Stewart on a summer's day
Did make a resolution.
He sailed down Argentina-way
And raised a revolution.
He made himself king of somethin'
or other;
It was really too good to last—
.. Came another revolution
And King Clyde's reign had passed.
Here lies

GRACE TITUS
1901—1987

In her high school days she gave promise of a great career. After studying law for 10 years, she secured a position as Janitor at the County Jail. This position she ably filled for 40 years.

LILLIAN SEYMOUR
1879—1927

She was a shark in wood-work
She married a man who wouldn't work,
So she started alone
To build her home
But finally died and couldn't work.

OLIVIA SMITH
1874—1936

She gained fame thru her book, "How to Flirt" and "Eyes That Kill." While flirting with the Kaiser, she was arrested as a masher. Her last days were spent in prison.

GLADYS TUTTLE

Apr. 29, 1899—Oct. 19, 1998

Known and honored by all, for her tireless administration to the victims of the jitney bus.

LOIS WELCH
1810—1950

Celebrated comic opera star. Invented seven rag dances. She became so stout that she tried dynamite as a reducer. It reduced her to small pieces.

MADGE WHEELER
1895—1905

Her ways were hypnotizing,
None could resist her;
And when she was gone,
Oh, how we missed her.
She captured the heart
Of the renowned Howard Fry,
Who was a great pitcher,
And away she did fly.

RUTH WILSON
1881—1995

..As Court Reporter in the Superior Court at Santa Rosa, Cal., she won great fame, being one of the most efficient reporters in the State.

DAIN YARNELL
1891—1953

Though this lad was slender
His ambitions were great,
He was built for a farmer
But peanuts he ate.
He liked them so well
And loved them so long,
That he became a peanut-butcher
And "Peanuts" was his song.

MARGARET FORSYTH
1901—1976

She designed fancy sweaters
Of a dark and glaring hue,
And she even made new colors
When she'd nothing else to do.
But at last her hands she folded.
She was weary through and through.
Her eyes were wholly color blind,
And her brain a cubist hue.

Gone But Not Forgotten

ZALENE MANION
1897—1976

Here lies the woman, who for seventy-three years, six months and sixteen days, ably carried out the duties of mayor of Graton.

RUTH TODD
1896—1971

Always noted for her kindness to all living creatures. After finishing High School she founded a home for "Maimed and Mistreated" Cats. May she rest in peace.

JOHN RUSSELL
1897—1979

Although this man was built for speed,
The call of waffles he did heed.
He pushed about a nice big cart,
And played a waffle seller's part.

Here Lies

JOHN MATHEWS

John Mathews bought out Johnny Dont,
And learned to compound milk shakes.
Yes, he shook 'em well, did Johnny dear,
And with 'em he served tea cakes.
But he shook so hard,
That his arm gave out.
So we all weep here today.
..Below lies John—may he rest in peace. We all hope that he may.

ALMA McDANIEL
1878—1987

Alma had a dear little spaniel.
A dear little spaniel was he.
She had a little basket to put him in,
But she lost him, more's the pity.
Then she sang this song,
As though all hope were gone:
"Oh where, oh where, can he be.
With his tail cut short and his ears cut long,
Oh where, oh where can he be."

CLIFFORD MERRITT

Here lies the body of Cliff Merritt,
He ate while he was able,
But once o'erfed, he dropped down dead,

And fell beneath the table.

When from the tomb to meet his doom,
He'll rise with other sinners,

To choose his place above or below—
He'll choose the place that has best dinners.

1897—1975

MYRNA MOORE

Born 1898—Died 1999

Late as ever,

Though better late than never,

Myrna will never be late

No Moore, (more).

LILY NELLIGAN

Apr. 30, 1895—Jan. 1, 1980

The second Hetty Green, whose fortune was acquired by demonstrating in speed tests on the typewriter.

Under this stone lies

"CAPTAIN" MATILDA NELSON

The greater part of her eventful life was spent in piloting submarines for "Uncle Sam." Her death was caused by the breaking of a case of ancient eggs, intended for the enemy.

June 1, 1879—May 1, 1946

Here lies

CHAUNCEY PETERSON

June 18, 1893—June 18, 1973

"Chau" came back, though aged was he.

To the dear old high school just for a spree.

Up to the "Echo" office the old man went

With tears falling fast, and back sadly bent.

He tried once more the old fire escape,
And climbed down the ladder just like an ape.

But, he fell on his funny-bone—he laughed and he cried—

He laughed and he laughed and he laughed till he died.

The Class Just As It Is

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expressions	Only Virtue	Hobby	Haunt	As We See Ourselves	As Others See Us	Destiny
Ruth Anderson		"Is that so?"	Her walk	Hiking	Library door	Gaining	Running things	Organ grinder
Fred Adams	Freddy	"Mistah"	Lily complexion	Edna B	Church	Handsome	Afraid of being heard	Parson
Venna Bartleson	Vennie	Oh, I'm crazy about it."	Blue girdle	Horse back riding	Physics lab.	In the mirror	Optimistic	School marm
Vivian Bolton	Vib	"Oh, good night"	Fuzz-top	Getting on the good side of the faculty	Annex stage	Just right	Very "nice"	Vaudeville actress
Earl Baum	Creek-baum	"Gee Whiz"	Glasses	Track	Electric car	Unlucky	A (plus) name—a	Shoemaker
Zelma Carithers	Z	"Oh, gad"	Clothes	Queening	Dressmakers	Popular	We haven't the heart to say	Queen of the movies
Earl Covey	Covey	"That darn fool"	Socks	Growing a moustache	Livery stable	Classy	Behind the brush	Some? Orator
Vivienne Collister	Queeney	"Gee whiz..."	Dimpled hands	Graceful dancing	College of Pacific	Some singer	A giant	Snake charmer
Claire Coltrin	Little one	"But I don't want to"	Music	Movies	Hospital	Noisy	Quiet	Music teacher
Elmer Crist	Dick	"No fueling"	Expression	Baseball	Physics lab.	Working	Bumming	Hobo
Emma Davaz	Dutch	"Ye gods!"	Height	Cutting	Leona's	Growing	By the aid of the microscope	Suffragette leader
Albert Entzminger	Entz	"Good-bye Johnny"	That voice	Making himself heard	Ask Dain about that Sebastopol belle	Some boob	A jolly good fellow	Side-show spieler
Fay Erwin	Fatty	"Got your history?"	Bluffing	Chemistry	Sunday school	Brainy	Coquettish?	Missionary
Sewell Farwell	Oriental eyes	"Oh, say"	Eye lashes	Presiding at Senior meetings	Home	Thoughtful	Too active	Book agent
Frances Finley	Imp	"Listen, kid"	Snicker	Primping	Buggy riding	Some cutie	Better late than never	Fulton
Arthur Farnlof	Art	"You're darned right"	Pompadeur	His Violin	church?	Jolly	Spoiled baby	Ranch hand
Margaret Forsyth	Mid	"For goodness sakes!"	That titter	Handing in jokes about R. James	Her den	Brilliant	With Salem P.	Ticket girl at the Rose
Leona Garner	Lee	"Good night"	Her mouth	Calling up 347	Lake county	Dunce	Shark	Higher education
Viola Graham	Shorty	"Py Yimminy"	Her disposition	Bossing the twins	Home, sweet Home	Missionary	A proper young lady	A doctor
Elizabeth Hendren	Hen	"Oh!"	Grin	Talking nonsense	Study hall	Class	Cutting at 2:30	School teacher
Bessie Jonas	Dub	"Poor wop"	Complexion	Leading the infantry	Occidental	Energetic	Blushing as a rose	Wife of Mayor of Occidental
Fanita Jewell	Skinney	"Isn't it funny?"	Smile	Leo, Fred and Chauncey	Echo office	Bashful	Dashing for material	A merry-widow
Ed Koford	Eddie	"Gosh"	Gold Tooth	Getting E	Library	Persistent	Sky scraper	A poet

The Class Just As It Is

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expressions	Only Virtue	Hobby	Haunt	As We See Ourselves	As Others See Us	Destiny
Mildred Kyle	Freckles	"Oh, my soul!"	Beaux catcher	Talking	Home	A popular miss	Always game	Jail matron
Amandus Kistler	Mandy	"Gol darn you"	Hand-ball shark	Music of all kinds	Handball court	Very studious	Enjoying himself	Raising Sammy
Alice Koford	Al	"Isn't it great"	Small size?	Debating	Gym	Athletic	Learned	English teacher
Edna Knight	Ed	"Good night"	Ear rings	Encyclopedia	Nicks	Slender	Memorizing	San Jose Normal
Ruth Lambert	Pug	"Have a heart"	Hats	Cutting woodwork	Study hall	Nursing the sick	Saintly	Nurse
Florence Luttrell	Lut	"Good Heavens"	Beauty spot	Posing	Dad's drug store	Demure	A flirt	Beauty doctor
Juanita Melvin	Shrimp	"Oh, kid"	Texas Tommy walk	Bumming	Girls' basement	Impressive	Gabbing	Nurse-maid in Iceland
Alma McDaniels	Al	"Gee fuzz"	Dimples	Basket ball	Nickle dance	Robust	Pleasing	Basketball coach
Zalene Manion	Za	"Oh, for crimony sakes"	Crimps	Rose	Everywhere	A beauty	Wise and studious	Movie actress
Viney McDonald	Grouch	"Sakes"	Daintiness	Ragging	Fulton	Brilliant	Stout	Dress model
Taigi Mashihara	Tige	"Quit your nonsense"	White collars	Teaching Sunday school	Mr. Montgomery's	Learning English	Industrious	English instructor in Japan
Myrna Moore	Muggins	"Such is life"	Wavy hair	Studying	Ruth T's	Noisy	Quiet	To have a home
Clifford Merritt	Eva	"Lay off, love"	Brown shirt	Railroads	Soft pillow	Hero	Three in One	Political Speaker
John Matthew	Mat	"You poor wop"	Tenor voice	Athletic	His coor pen	N. B.	Good looking	Harrison Fisher, No. II
Lily Nelligan	Lil	"No fooling"	Disposition	Catching the 6:40 train	S. F.	Some Typewriter	In a hurry	President's stenographer
Mathilda Nelson	Battling Nelson	"You never can tell"	Warlike	Disappearing spirit	Office	Society belle	Saucy	Police woman
Genevieve O'Connor	Babe	"Ye, gods!"	Cunning manner	Writing notes	Salisbury's	Pouter Pigeon	On the go	Club woman
Louise Peterson	Tommy	"Oh, I feel bad"	Her hair	Little boys	With D. D.	History shark	Before the mirror	Auto racer
Chauncey Peterson	Chau	"Oh, my gad"	Good nature	Corner store	Orchard street	Roughhousing	A Robin	Animal trainer
Elma Quinby	El	"Gee"	Talkative-ness	Falling down stairs	Library	Deep thinker	Studious	Sanitary cook
Aileen Randall	Has non	"For ever more"	Brown coat	Hunting Marjorie	Rincon Club house	Mischievous	Seeking information	Chicken ranch
Erle Rogers	Erle	"Well, I'll be —?"	Curly hair	Is-a-belle	Ask Issey	Some bean	Colonel Heeza	S. R. Bank, (janitor)
Bernice Rowe	Bernie	"Good I ord"	Her tongue	Arithmetic	Street	Star of class	Healthy	Servant
Mildred Richardson	Mil	"I wish I had a man"	Her wa'k	Chewing gum	Physiology lab.	Just it!	Boisterous	Ballet dancer

The Class Just As It Is

Victim	Nickname	Favorite Expressions	Only Virtue	Hobby	Haunt	As We See Ourselves	As Others See Us	Destiny
Hazel Ramage	Pat	"Oh, law kid!"	Busb	reading novels	movies	happy-go-lucky	Independent	ars. wears the second
John Russell	Boots	"What do you think?"	Fancy dancing	Spooning	The track	Traveling encyclopedia	With letter S	Veterinary surgeon
Donald Seaton	Don	"Gosh!"	Limps	Girls	The farm	A fashion model	Conceited	Valet
Margaret Smith	Midge	"Gracious sakes"	Brown eyes	Piano	Miss Nesbitts	Minus quantity	Practising	Music teacher
Olivia Smith	Jack	"My word"	Golden locks	Boys	In a certain Kissel Kar	Beautiful	A good scout	Hair dresser
Alice Simpson	Al	"Don't care."	Her giggle	Dancing	Bodega Bay	Cute	With C. C.	U. S. History teacher
Clyde Stewart	Infant	"She has beautiful eyes"	Impudence	Isabella or Emma	Drug store	Alexander the Great	Diminutive	Comedian
Carl Steinnort	Stig	"Oh shoot!"	Quiet manner	Following Miss Crane	Laboratory	Whole show	Only 1 act	Dancing Prof.
Sophie Seymour	Suds	"I should worry"	Yellow waist	Pine nuts	Auditor's office	Changeable	Ready for anything	Pullman conductor
Leo Sullivan	Ike	"Oh, the devil"	Brains	Debating	Echo office	Superior to all mankind	Mother's pride	Political boss
Lillian Seymour	Duchess	"Oh, quit it"	Psyche	Movies	Juell's drug store	Old maid	Quiet	Bachelor home
Pauline Stahl	Patty	"Gee, that's swell"	Musical voice	Bluffing Mr. Maile	U. C.	Ragtime player	Bluffing	Chorus girl
Grace Titus	Gosh	"Good Heavens"	Ability to talk	Trying to be sulky	Room 7	Perfectly idiotic	A denure maid	Elocutionist
Gladys Tuttle	Glad rags	"Dog gone it"	Those braids	E's	Sonoma Ave.	Modern Priscilla	Reserved	Home for two
Ruth Todd	Ruthie	"For the love of Petarchus"	Pleasing manner	Writing English 12 papers	Myrna's	Dignified	Timid	A farmer
Isabella Tod	Bub	"Merciful saints"	Smile	E report cards	Presbyterian church	A bonehead	Sanctimonious	Motor woman
Ruth Wilson	Rufus	"I can't either"	Eyes	Shorthand	Unknown	A model	Quiet	Travelling companion
Lois Welch	Saint	"Great Scott"	Noble brow	Playing ac-companymants	Camp Seclusion with cat and parrot	Keeping house	Clever	Spinster
Madge Wheeler	Midget	"Lands sakes"	Rosy cheeks	Church socials	M. E. Church	Increasing in size	Pleasing to look upon	Holy roller
Dain Yarnell	?	"Stop calling me Big Swede"	Top foliage	Dramatics	Benton street	Coltrin's grocery	Henry VIII	A sailor

OUR TEACHERS

Victim	Subject	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Virtue	Haunt	Hobby	Ambition
Mr. Montgomery	Principal	Monty	"By the way"	Smile	Most anywhere	Reinstatement cards	To appear real cross
Miss Moody	Dean	The Dean	"Report at 4:00"	Walk	Gym	Social calendar	To promote a play
Miss Wells	Assistant Dean	Martha Washington	"Quiet, please"	Bicycle	Study hall	Front yard	To throw straight
Mr. Steele	History— Track coach	Indestructable Damascus	"The Know - Nothing club is holding a meeting"	Yellow notes	Training room	Tapping his pencil	To avoid poison oak
Miss O'Meara	English	F. L. O. M.	"Are you prepared?"	Irish brogue	Girls' basement	Tardy roll	To dramatize the school
Miss Gray	Mathematics	Vest	"Why, yes"	Giggle	Library	"Scientific American"	Nobody knows
Miss French	German	Dutch	Eyes	Connolly's	German	Nobody knows
Miss Ware	English	Betsy	"Never heard it"	Brown parasol	Rides	Automobile	To be good teacher
Miss Koepe	English— German	Alma	Fangen Sie an"	English shoes	Circus grounds	Stirring up school spirit	To be a horseback rider
Miss Crane	Science and Mathematics	M. A. C	"Oh, fudge"	Student body treasurer	Sebastopol	Keys	Some place to go
Miss Mackay	Science	-----	"Must I speak to you again?"	Snapping her fingers	Room 4	Keeping Annex children after school	To sing in the choir
Miss Luddy	Latin	Mary F.	"It's only a matter of grammar"	Looking after her nephew	Home	Shirt waists	To get an industrious class
Miss Sheppard	Arithmetic	Polly	"Oh, shucks"	Enthusiasm	Post office	Wasn't in June '10 Commencement Journal	To teach
Miss Engle	Art	-----	"That's a good start"	Engagement ring	-----	Life sketches	Matrimony
Mrs. Jacobi	Commercial	Portia	"If you were a court reporter"	Yellow Sweater	Democrat office	Looking after Priscilla	To be a second Dorothy Ann
Mr. MacKesson	Commercial	Mac	"Pick up those papers"	Hand ball	Hand-ball court	His baby	-----
Mr. Blosser	Manual Training	Kid Blosser	"Well, I don't know"	Cornet playing	Rose orchestra pit	Santa Rosa High School Band	To be a Band leader
Mr. Maile	Music	Bob	"We will eliminate you from the class"	Voice	Slater street	Boys' chorus	To be a director
Miss Carpenter	Domestic	-----	-----	Passing out cookies	Home	Dinners	To be a chef in the White House
Miss Petit	Domestic	Housekeeper	"Not so noisy"	Her love for dogs	Cooking room	Canning	To go again to Canada
Miss Keech	Domestic	Clara	"Oh, joy"	Dresses	San Francisco	Violin	To learn to play it
Mrs. Yost	Librarian	Let	"Where's that book"	Good nature	Library	Hunting lost books	To get a new report card system
Mr. Brownscombe	Superintendent	T. F.	"It is an unexpected pleasure"	Speeches	The Ford	Civic Center	To be a jitney driver

THE ECHO

"SHERWOOD"---THE SENIOR PLAY

(By Margaret Smith)

Following the custom set by previous graduating classes, our class too presented a Senior play, but unlike the foregoing classes, we made our play strictly a school affair. We wished it produced entirely by our own actual efforts.

After careful consideration, we chose "Sherwood," because it had a large cast and splendid scenic effects. Tryouts were held before the spring vacation. After each student had read aloud his part, the judges, Miss O'Meara, Miss Moodey, and Miss Koepke, made their decision, considering in each case general appearance, voice, enunciation, and expression.

To obtain a standard of comparison for our school performance, a group of teachers and members of the cast went to see Stanford's production of "Sherwood." The party included Miss O'Meara, Miss Moodey, Miss Engle, Miss Keech, Miss Koepke, Miss Olivia Smith, Miss Vivian Bolton, Mr. Chauncey Peterson, Mr. Leo Sullivan, and Mr. Carl Steinnort. To those interested in the Senior play, the presentation of the same play by the English Club of Stanford seemed a bit of rare good fortune, since it afforded us an opportunity of securing standards of comparison.

Professor Bassett, who coached the English Club, kindly loaned Miss Moodey, the music, poster cuts, and scenery for two acts. Miss Engle, Miss Keech, and Miss Koepke were taken behind the scenes that they might gain new ideas, and the Santa Rosa students were introduced to those of the Stanford cast. Both the teachers and the Seniors greatly enjoyed Stanford's hospitality, and kindly interest extended them on their visit.

Soon after the return of the teachers and Seniors actual work was begun. Miss Moodey generously gave of her leisure time to coach the play. In the sewing classes, Miss Carpenter and Miss Keech undertook the task of making no less than seventy-five costumes. The majority of the costumes were very simple in design, the gowns of the ladies being fashioned with full skirts, waists, and sleeves, though the court costumes of the men were more elaborate, being made with velvet blouses, skirts and flowing capes, trimmed with gold braid or fur, with velvet hats to match. The soldiers of the "Prince" and "Sheriff," clad in doublets and leggings of leather or mail, wore helmets and carried spears, but Robin Hood's men, dressed in doublets and trunks, were armed only with bows and arrows.

The fairy music of the play, some of which was written by Mr. Maile, was sung by a selected chorus. Miss Snee's classes danced, taking the part of fairies.

The spot chosen for enacting our play was a bend in the Santa Rosa creek, which formed a natural amphitheatre. Seats were terraced in this bank on one side, while the gravelly sandpit on the other served as a stage. Behind this, rose another bank, which formed a natural sounding board. The graceful, dignified, and clustered greenery made a realistic "Sherwood" forest of natural beauty. The lighting was accomplished by reflected lights placed low enough to obviate the use of footlights. No curtains were used. During

THE ECHO

the changing of scenes lights were darkened. The mechanism of this work also was undertaken by the Seniors, supervised by a member of the Alumni.

As the Seniors were to present the play, they managed the finances through their own business manager, Earl Covey, who had gained his experience the previous year. There being a limit to expenditures, we had to make, and wished to make this undertaking a lesson in finances. Thanks to Miss Carpenter and Miss Keech, our costumes cost only eighty dollars. Through careful figuring, the entire expense came under two hundred dollars. fifty dollars.

As we had planned, we made the presentation of Sherwood strictly a school affair. All of the details were worked out by members of the school. We have learned lessons in costuming, music, dancing, scenic effects, coaching, finances, and by the untiring efforts of all concerned, we have produced before the public one of the most successful plays that has ever been staged by any graduating class.

PLOT

While King Richard is fighting in the Holy Land to wrest Christ's sepulchre from the infidels, his younger brother, Prince John, rules England. Prince John, a cruel wicked man, hates the Earl of Huntington (Robin Hood), because the latter defends the oppressed and the poor against cruel laws and customs of the times. Prince John declares Robin Hood an outlaw, and begs Maid Marian, the betrothed of Robin Hood, to break her betrothal and come to the palace to live. Maid Marian refuses. Queen Eleanor, Prince John's mother, herself in love with Robin Hood, in order to see him, persuades Maid Marian by the plea that Robin Hood is wounded, to take her to the outlaw's cave in "Sherwood" forest. On the way, she attempts to take Maid Marian's life. Robin Hood, thoroughly aroused by the treacherous attack upon his sweetheart, refuses to listen to the suggestion that he himself may easily become King of England.

Before leaving the forest, Queen Eleanor has learned that the next day Maid Marian and her attendants will be left alone at the cave, while the outlaws go to a neighboring village to rescue one of their number. On the following day Prince John makes his attempt to carry away Marian, but is defeated by the unexpected return of Robin Hood and a mysterious knight, who is discovered to be King Richard. The King restores the earldom to Robin Hood, and is present at his wedding to Maid Marian, but one month later, returns to the Holy Land. Prince John, no longer controlled by his brother, seizes Robin Hood and has him walled up in a tower cell to die of starvation, but Shadow-of-a-Leaf, Marian's fool, rescues Robin Hood, and at the price of his own entrance into Fairyland, discloses the fact that the King has been killed. The two rescue Marian from the court and flee to "Sherwood." In doing so, Robin Hood is seriously wounded and is taken to a convent for treatment. By the treachery of a forester who has been out of his band, the Queen learns of this, and disguising herself as a gray nun, goes immediately to the convent, where she secures the privilege of treating Robin Hood. During the Vesper service, she murders him and Maid Marian. Shadow-of-a-Leaf's great sacrifice, however, is not wasted, for he sees Robin Hood and Maid Marian enter into Fairyland, where they are to remain until judgment day.

Thirty-eight

THE ECHO

When he himself is overcome with grief because the gates of Fairyland close in his face, Blondel, the minstrel, raises him to his feet and bids him seek the great King of all the Universe.

Cast of Characters, in order of appearance:

Little John	Erle Rogers
Much	Orville Lambert
Robin	Chauncey Peterson
Shadow-of-a-Leaf	Clyde Stewart
Maid Marian	Vivian Bolton
Friar Tuck	Dain Yarnell
Jenny	Emma Davaz
Widow Scarlet	Ruth Anderson
Queen Elinor	Lois Welch
Titania	Zelma Carithers
Oberon	Olivia Smith
Orchis	Madge Wheeler
Perilla	Genevieve O'Connor
Dancing Fairy	Fanita Jewell
Dancing Fairy	Margaret Forsyth
Singing Fairies	
Pauline Stahl, Claire Coltrin, Sophie Seymour, Lillian Seymour, Alice Simpson, Mildred Richardson, Aileen Randall, Alma McDaniel, Leona Garver, Frances Finley, Marjorie Ellis, Fay Erwin, Venna Bartleson, Dorothy Percy, Mildred Kyle, Margaret Forsyth.	
Blondel	John Matthews
Prince John	Leo Sullivan
Warman	Carl Steinnort
Court Gentleman	Edward Koford
Court Gentleman	Clifford Merritt
King Richard	Earle Covey
Will Scarlet	Elmer Crist
Reynold Greenleaf	Arthur Farnloff
Allan-a-Dale	Amandus Kistler
Puck	Isabella Tod
First Forester	Carl Steinnort
Second Forester	Fred Adams
Outcast Forester	Erle Baum
Abbott	Dale Hollingsworth
Baron	Albert Entzminger
Messenger	John Russell
Prioress	Bernice Rowe
Novice	Ruth Todd
Nunes	
Vivienne Collister, Viola Graham, Bessie Jonas, Alice Koford, Edna Knight, Ruth Lambert, Florence Luttrell, Myrna Moore, Viney McDonald, Zalene Manion, Alma McDaniel, Juanita Melvin, Grace McMillan, Matilda Nelson, Louisa Peterson, Elma Quimby, Gladys Tuttle, Grace Titus, Ruth Wilson, Hazel Ramage.	

Juniors

Juniors! Yes, that is what we are glad to say we are called. It seems so short a time since we were Freshmen, bowing in divers attitudes to upper classmen. Next year we will be Seniors. But we haven't been just waiting for our Senior year.

Our Picnic

First we had a picnic on Lake Jonive, with weinies and buns and the most delicious coffee. Miss Koepke, Miss Reach, Mrs. Morehouse and Miss Moodey chaperoned us. The lake was most beautiful and everything was very enjoyable. Even a narrow escape in a leaky boat could not dampen our ardor, and so the evening flew before we realized it.

Hallowe'en Dance

On that delightful night, just meant for merrymaking, Hallowe'en, the Seniors gave us a party and dance in the gymnasium. The old "gym" would not have recognized itself in a mirror, so completely transformed was it by the skillful hands of the Seniors. Of course there were games for those who did not come to dance, and very novel and interesting they proved. The refreshments were most delicious, and were fully appreciated by the merrymakers. Shortly before midnight we made our adieus, all vowing that we would surely speak a good word for the Seniors as hosts and hostesses.

Trip to Petrified Forest

We had been planning a picnic all by ourselves, but when some one suggested that we join the physical geography class on their trip to the noted Petrified Forest, the proposal met with unanimous approval. We made the trip in two great wagons drawn by four horses, going up by Mark West, and returning by the Rincon grade. We started early that we might avoid the noon-day heat while riding, but old Sol made things rather hot for us before we reached our destination, about 2:30. We need not say we had lunch immediately. We found the forest most interesting and instructive, and the trip delightful.

The Junior Prom.

The Junior Prom. was held June 12th in the High School Auditorium. The hall was transformed into an attractive ball room. The rustic hop baskets overflowing with wild honeysuckle and grape vines gave a most artistic effect. The refreshments were served in the artistically decorated corridor. We will leave the judgment of the affair to the Seniors, for we always were a modest class.



Our class as Freshmen did not take much part in the affairs of the school, except to furnish material for the joke staff of *The Echo*. But with the beginning of the last term, we awoke to our responsibilities and early in the term held a meeting at which we elected Sidney Drysdale president.

Later in the year a party was held in the Annex, which was a great success, both from the standpoint of entertainment and finances. The gymnasium was artistically decorated, much to the credit of the decorating committee. In the early part of the evening a mock field meet was held in which Miss O'Meara, head of our English department, won the "laurels," and much applause. The rest of the evening was devoted to dancing and games.

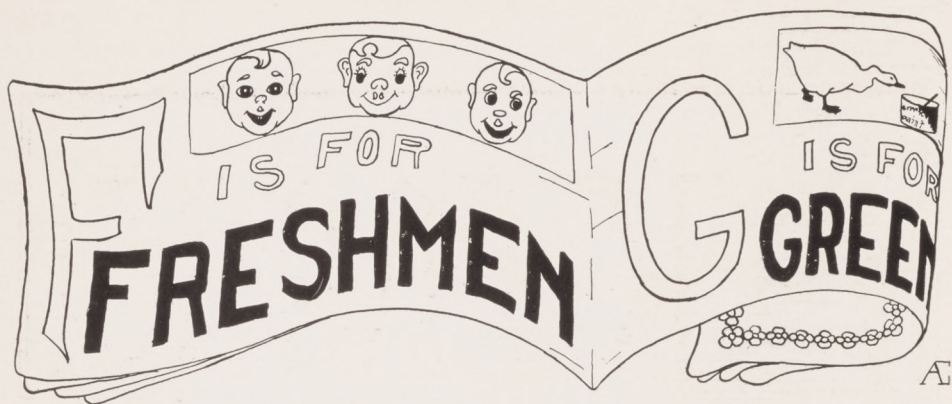
Before the close of the term a meeting was called in which Morton Farwell was chosen president for the coming term, and George Marvin class representative.

This term Fred Kellogg kindly offered to hold the class party at his home. The boys of the class were the hosts of the evening, and under the able management of the committees, it proved a great success. Guessing games were held, and Irving Cameron was presented with a "valuable" watch fob from Woolworth's, for being the first to pay his class dues. After this the floor was cleared for dancing, and games were held in an adjoining room. However, the temptation to sing was too strong to be resisted, when some popular melodies were played. Even the dignified Miss Moodey was soon warbling the air of "Chinatown, My Chinatown." We all feel that we are indebted to our dean, Miss Moodey for her invaluable aid and assistance in getting up this affair.

We are very proud to claim in our class, three of the school's champions in athletics, namely, Weeks, the strong arm man; Meyers, the sprinter, and Pressley, one of the distance men. The points added by our class fellows, did much to help Santa Rosa's fine score in the S. N. S. and the C. I. F. track meets. The girls of the class have been active in athletics, holding positions on the basketball team.

Perhaps on the whole we have not been very active as a class this term, but next year as Juniors, we hope to make up for lost time, and participate more in the vital affairs of the school.

Robert W. Albers, '17.



The first thing we did was to blunder into every room, except the one to which we should go, misguided by Seniors, Juniors, and even Sophomores. But never mind, fellow Freshmen, this next term we can laugh at the poor Freshies ourselves.

The first event on our social calendar was the Freshmen Reception. It was held at the Annex, which was decorated with autumn leaves, greenery, and crepe paper. The music and floor were perfect, and our good time even more so, even if a good many upper classmen were there. We all gave our hearty thanks to the Mother's Association who made the dance possible.

Several weeks later the Freshmen girls were entertained after school by the upperclass girls. The invitations and programs were of a most peculiar color—green! Of course it had nothing to do with us. We spent the time dancing and drinking punch—or what was called punch, but looked very suspiciously like water after the first two dances.

Dancing is not our only occupation. The boys, and the girls, too, have been taking a rather large part in the High School's activities. In the Inter-class meet, we carried off the honors of the day, but several days later, the Governing Board decided that it was too great an honor for the Freshmen to glory in, and gave us only second place.

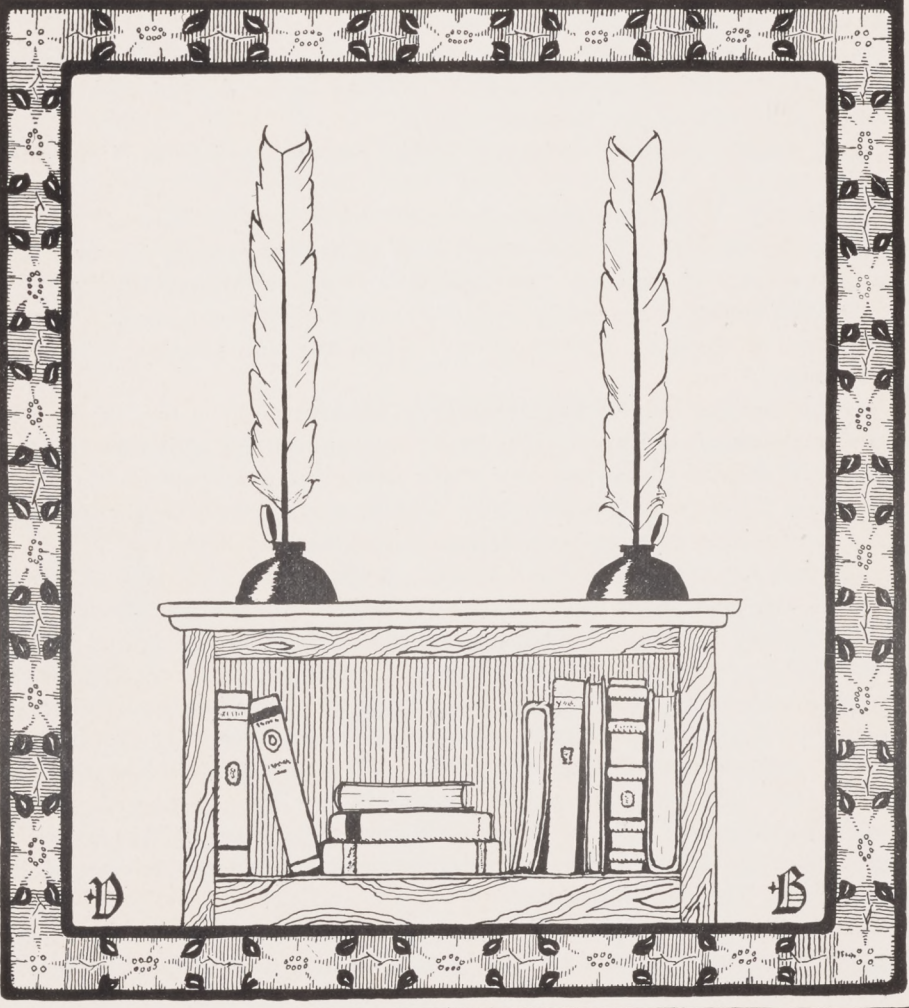
Shortly before the meet, the new Christmas class was welcomed into the High School. We had another Freshmen Reception, to which most of the second-termers came, but very few first termers—they had never experienced one before, as we had.

Our last social event, was the dance given for the whole High School, at which we took a peep. But there were so many noisy Seniors there, that we all left early. However, we could not bear to be left out of anything.

Thus our Freshmen year closes, and we are Freshmen no longer, but hold the very dignified (?) title of "Sophomores." We hope that the new Freshmen will follow in our noble foot steps. We leave to them our good example, the title of Freshmen, and best wishes for their first year in the Santa Rosa High School.

Dorothy Kellogg, '18.

LITERARY



THE ECHO

A HIKER'S STORY

(Winner of Literary Contest, 1915)



ABOUT three years ago, our "Hikers' Club" was organized. Jimmy Day was the pride of the club from his very first appearance in the role of a "hiker." He was a freckle-faced, red-haired youngster, with the best and happiest disposition that was ever given to a fellow. He was always ready for any kind of fun, and no hike was felt to be quite a success, unless Jimmy was along.

One rule of the club provided for an annual tramp of considerable length, to some point of special interest. As Jimmy never had proposed a trip, I was greatly surprised when, some two weeks before the date of the proposed departure for the season's trip, he came bursting into my room, where "Dutch" Bohn and I sat.

"Oh, Doc.—I know the very place to go for our hike. Grand scenery, good camping ground, and everything to be desired right there! What do you think of it? Great idea, eh?"

"But, Infant, you haven't told us where you expected to go!" spoke up "Dutch."

"Didn't I? Well, sure enough! I meant the Petrified Forest." Jimmy paused out of breath. There he stood, leaning heavily against the wall, and looking at us as if he expected us to accept his suggestion immediately.

"Dutch" finally recovered his equilibrium sufficiently to answer. "Better go see some of the other fellows, Bluey, before the club meeting is held to-morrow night."

At the meeting held at the club rooms the next night, a trip to the Petrified Forest was agreed upon. The tramp was uneventful, although Jimmy's blithe spirits seemed contagious, and every fellow threw all care to the winds, and went in for a genuinely jolly time. Finally we reached the famous Petrified Forest where we were to camp out in real "tramp" style.

The first few days we lounged around, exhibiting an utter lack of energy and spirit. Jimmy alone showed any disposition to wander about. One evening, after an unusually long tramp, he came sauntering back, and said he had planned a surprise for us that evening. Calling two or three members to help him, he gathered enough brushwood for an immense bonfire. When we were gathered around it, Jimmy suddenly appeared with two old Indians, whom he had discovered that afternoon. He seated us before the fire, with the two old Indians in the "lime-light." Then followed such a series of legends as I had never heard before. The story of the Petrified Forest especially interested us, camping as we were on the border of the Forest itself. This is the story:

"In the happy days before the white man came to the Indian's country, the most beautiful maiden of the tribes 'round about was White Flower, the only daughter of Red Feather, chief of his tribe. Her beauty was known from the big ocean to the mountains that the white man calls the Rockies.

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Many yong chieftains came to her father's wigwam, each seeking the beautiful White Flower for his bride. But 'no warrior is brave enough, and no chief is rich enough, for my White Flower,' was the thought of the old chief, Red Feather. z

"Only one suitor, Chief Swift Wind, found favor in the eyes of the maiden, but their marriage was forbidden by the stern father.

"Meeting secretly, one night, the lovers went to the Medicine Woman to seek her advice, and doing as she bade them, they fled into the heart of the big forest.

"Great was the wrath of Red Feather, when he discovered his daughter's flight. Calling together all his warriors, he set out in pursuit of the runaway.

"The old man vowed to kill her, but fearing lest his warriors' great love for the maiden, would lead them to prevent his doing this, he did not make known his plans. At last the girl and her lover were overtaken in the heart of the great forest. Swift Wind fought valiantly for his beautiful bride, but was overcome by the great number of Red Feather's warriors. When the girl and her lover could offer no further resistance, Red Feather went into his daughter's wigwam, and there, he killed the beautiful White Flower.

"The Great Spirit, looking down on the deeds of mankind, saw the terrible crime. That the pitiful story of the maiden might be preserved, he turned the whole of the great forest into stone. And so it stands today, a monument to White Flower and Swift Wind."

Lois Welch, '15.

THE REUNION

(An early May morning in Blucher Valley—the year 1885)



THE GOLDEN beams of the rising sun darted hither and thither through the wooded slopes and grassy dales, causing the dew drops on blossom and leaf to sparkle and gleam. Aloft in the cloudless sea of blue floated the freshness of spring, perfumed with the odors of flowers and shrubs. Wild rose, azalia and Yerba Buena mingled their fragrance with the wild strawberry and balmy pine. Flitting from flower to flower, the gold-dusted bee sipped the sweet nectar to store away for his winter's food. The distant whistling of the quail, the cooing of doves, the chattering of grey squirrels, the songs of the canary and the linnet, all mingled with the steady tap, tap of a distant wood pecker, hollowing a cavity in the gigantic limb of some ancient oak, where, undisturbed, she could hatch and rear her young. All these gave vent to the stir of life. The road through this valley, one of those early sandy wagon trails from Bloomfield to Sebastopol, over which scarcely a score of people passed a week, was bounded on each side by trees. Oaks, pines and madrones spread forth their branches, as if to catch the sunbeams before they could reach the underbrush of manzanita and hazel. A

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tiny rivulet fed by some hidden spring, wended its way across the road and disappearing in the thick woodland, probably making its way to the Blucher Creek, and thence to the mighty Pacific.

Down the road came Jack Monroe, a well-known woodsman of the valley. Over his right shoulder he carried a crosscut saw and an axe; in his left hand he carried a tin pail, containing his noon-day meal. His sunburnt countenance, revealed from beneath his hat, bore the expression of contentment, while a merry whistle slipped from his lips, and seemed to harmonize with the songs of the linnet and the blackbird. At the rivulet he paused, glanced here and there at the trees, then made his way to a large oak, and began chopping. The steady chop, chop of the axe, followed by the ringing echoes through the woodland never ceased until the tree tottered and fell to the ground with a deafening crash. With deep satisfaction, Monroe gazed upon the oak as a victor would gaze upon his spoils. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he proceeded to trim the tree.

When the sun had climbed to the zenith, he laid the axe aside, took a refreshing draught from the rivulet, washed his hands, and proceeded to eat his luncheon. This done, he stretched out under a shady madrone. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun cast lengthening shadows over the woodland, when Monroe, with a start, awoke. His head drooped with disappointment. "It was only a dream," he reflected; "only a dream. Poor Harry! If he were only alive now." With a sigh, Monroe let his chin rest upon the palm of his hand, while his thoughts wandered back to the little white farm-house where, years before, Harry and he had played together, back to the little shady brook, where they had fished together, and to the woods where they had hunted.

Tears crept down his cheeks as he remembered the morning that his father and Harry went gaily forth to enlist in the Federal Army, while he was obliged to stay at home, because he was too young. How well he remembered that morning, when the blood-stained corpse of his father was borne home; and the afternoon—when Jacob Greene rode up to the door with the terrible news that broke the mother's heart, the news that Harry was missing after the battle of Vicksburg. Then had followed that period of anxious waiting for news of the brother, and then the final despair which induced them to seek a new land.

Slowly the sun sank behind the purple ridges to the west, shooting forth its golden shafts, tinging a few fleecy clouds with delicate tints of red and orange. Casting the axe over his shoulder, Monroe slowly wended his way to his cabin. Here he prepared a slight repast, and seated himself before the window, letting his eyes wander as he thought again of his boyhood days.

Gradually the darkness settled over the valley. The tinkle of a distant cow-bell, intermingled with the hoot of an owl, where the only sounds to break the monotony. The white disc of the full moon slowly made its way from the tree tops and began its journey across the sky. Far down the road

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a moving speck could be seen. Nearer and nearer it came, until at last it assumed the shape of a horse and rider. Before Monroe's cabin the horseman paused, dismounted, and knocked at the door. The door opened and the sorrowful face of Monroe appeared, while he said, "Good evening, stranger."

"Good evening," replied the rider cheerfully. "Could a wayfarer find shelter here for the night?"

"Yes—but, I have no barn in which to put the horse."

"Oh, we'll stake him out," replied the rider.

"Come in, stranger, I will light my lamp and get you some supper. I enjoy the darkness, so I seldom use a lamp."

The yellow flame of the light caused the gloom of the bare little room to disappear. As Monroe turned, his gaze fell upon a scar on the man's forehead.

"My God, Harry, is that you?"

IMMIGRATION



PERHAPS the most important and complicated question confronting the American people today is that of immigration. This problem is a movement for which there is no parallel in history. Moreover, it is a problem that will not solve itself. The fact that a restrictive immigration bill has been vetoed by three different Presidents signifies that it is not an insignificant question. The world is no longer divided into distinct nations, for by the achievement of modern transportation and means of communication it has become a neighborhood. Accompanying this development has come inter-racial jealousy which has manifested itself in numerous ways. The Chinese cry, "China for the Chinese;" the negro, "Africa for the Africans," and finally, our own people have caught the contagion, and have thundered forth, "America for the Americans."

The spirit of wandering from place to place for the betterment of social and political conditions, has always possessed the Aryan people. In all probability the flood of immigrants now coming to America, is but a continuation of the stream which began nearly five thousand years ago to move toward the west. As we trace through the annals of history, we find that nations have ascended to the zenith of power and splendor, and then have crumbled to pieces. The immigrants now pouring into America will make the America of tomorrow. Thousands, yea millions, because of political and religious conditions, have traversed the lands and seas of the earth in search of peace, liberty, happiness, and contentment. The colonists who first settled this nation were people ambitious and courageous. Multitudes who came perished, leaving the "fittest."

Multitudes are coming to our country to share in the material wealth of our great resources, and so we see that today the underlying cause of immigration is purely economic. Many of our learned statesmen think that the time is ripe when we should restrict certain classes of people from coming to

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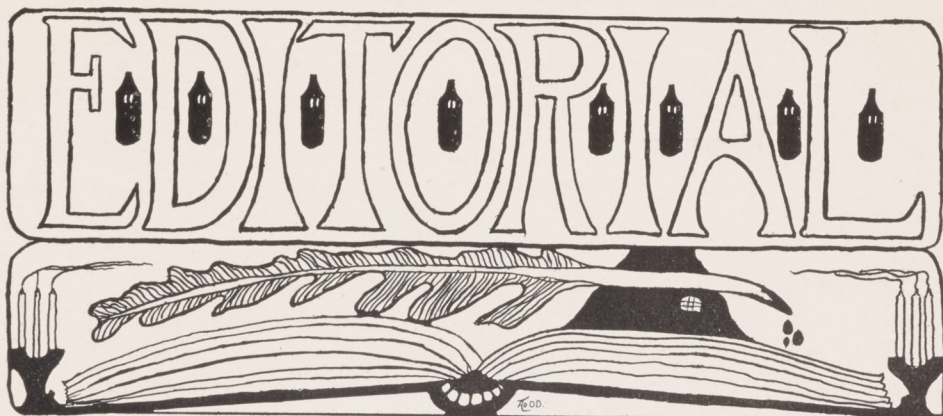
this country, that America is not yet qualified to accept the responsibility of accommodating unlimited numbers of seekers for advantages, that our great Republic melting pot will not be able to endure a much greater strain for any length of time. If restriction had not been placed on the Chinese, a few years ago, mud hats and bamboo villages would have occupied the beautiful valleys of this state today.

There is a vast difference between the immigrant of the past and the immigrant of the present. Those who came to our shores in the past, emigrated chiefly from northern and western Europe, from England, Germany, or France. These immigrants made desirable citizens, willing to uphold and obey our laws. They scattered to various parts of our nation and aided to its rapid development. But the immigrants of the present come from the southern and eastern parts of Europe. Their customs, their languages are vastly dissimilar from those of the immigrants of the past. They are chiefly the poorer classes of Italians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Slavs, and a few Hindoos, the latter being the most undesirable coming to our shores. Seeking quarters where their like are housed, generally in tenements, or in segregated colonies, they live their own lives. They have their own shops, their own churches. They do not mingle with Americans; they are not interested in public welfare. In many cases they do not become citizens. Thus we see that the desire of the modern immigrant is not to become a citizen, but to colonize, and our problem is to Americanize them. And yet the backbone of industry consists of these immigrants. They work in our mines, in our great lumber camps, in the swamps of the south, always willing to accept the hardest tasks. Nearly all that come to our shores are looking for an El Dorado. But, in the end, they deprive our own people of employment—for they can subsist on less, and can therefore work for less.

It is true that in the past we have posed as the friends of all races, no matter how down-trodden and despised, and have been ready to take them when they sought refuge on our shores. But today, we are striving to make the American people are homogenous race. If immigrants coming to this country do not become rapidly assimilated, they tend to form impediments. The advancement of civilization depends largely upon individuals that constitute the state; the higher the attainments, the stronger the nation. An illiteracy test, such as was proposed, would in a measure, keep out a majority of the people who could not be easily assimilated, as Servians, South Italians, Greeks, Croatians, Syrians, Bulgarians, Greeks and others in the same category. It would be too difficult for American influence to overcome the differences of civilization, language, and religion of these people.

Let us hope that in the near future our learned statesmen will be able to formulate a restrictive immigration bill, without giving offense to any nation. If such a bill could be passed, the immigrant of the future would come to our shores with a sense of understanding that "America for the Americans" means the highest and best type of civilization, and that we do not wish to lower our standard by the degrading influence of foreigners that will look on with a cold indifference when the Star Spangled Banner is unfurled to the breeze.

Edward Koford, '15.



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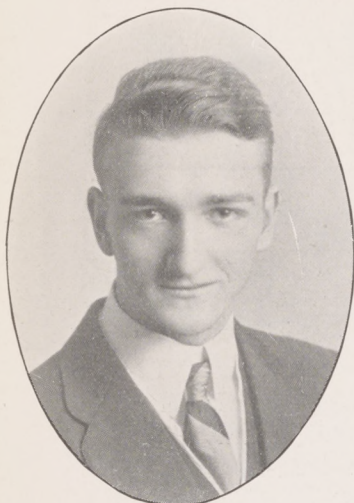
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Seniors of 1915, the time draws near for the presentation of diplomas. For some, commencement brings the busy life of our community, for others, promotion to a higher school; but for all, graduation day will be the beginning of the test to which life subjects us, whether we enter the business world, or seek a university education. We that have claimed so much school spirit must begin to show our worth, not as a united body, but as individuals. Here we have been under the guidance of teachers and parents, but after the eighteenth of June is past, we must begin to depend upon ourselves.

This is a year of progress, and though the great war is still raging in Europe, our nation is still true to the highest ideals of civilization; but though at peace, we should remain loyal to her, trying to correct her faults, striving always for her betterment, never neglecting our duty, but "semper fidelis." Classmates, who number sixty and six, let us abide by our motto. It is not one to forget it; is one to live by. "Semper fidelis." Why was this chosen with so much enthusiasm. Not because the words sounded pleasant to our ears—to many they were unaccustomed sounds—but because, to a class that was about to disperse, "Always Faithful" had a ring of unity, strong and clear.

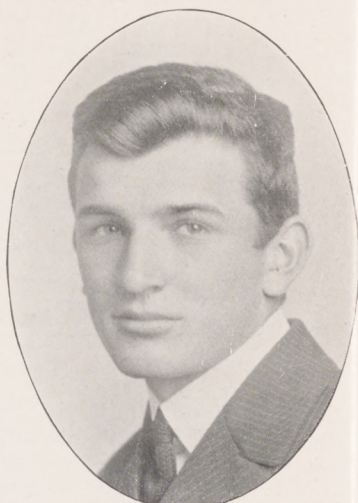
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Harry Luce



Fanita Jewell
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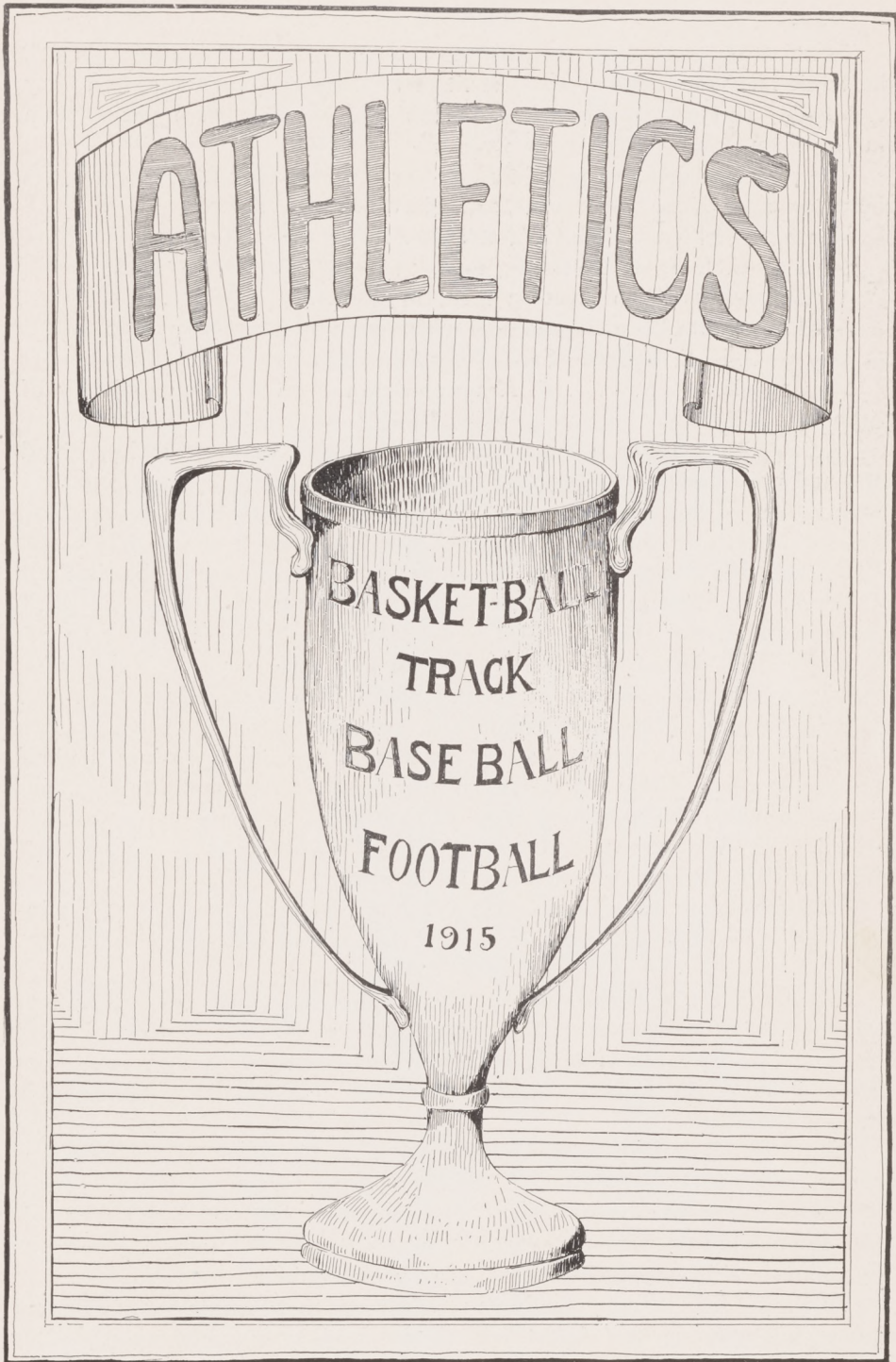
Leo Sullivan
Business Manager

"Always Faithful" seemed to us the embodiment of our school spirit, the spirit of which we are all so proud, the spirit of enthusiasm for the best, the spirit of right, the spirit of progress.

"Semper fidelis! Always in after years, if we who are now classmates, should chance to meet we shall "drink a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne."

To the English teachers, to Miss Engle, to Mr. Montgomery, and to the other members of the faculty, the staff extend their thanks in appreciation of the help and assistance they have rendered in the editing of both the Weekly and The Echo.

To the many contributors, as editor of the school papers, I extend my most grateful thanks, for without their willing support and good-nature, the paper could not have been a success, and the office of editor would have indeed been hard.



TBM

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TRACK

This term has seen our track laurels floating up to the highest standard. The track men have had every advantage to make a good team, and they have made good use of all their opportunities, for they have put forth a winning team.

The team had a heavy schedule to carry out, but they always finished a winner, or fighting for first honors, as is shown in their record:

March 27—N. C. S. of C. I. F., at Palo Alto—5 men, 24 points.

April 3—C. I. F., at Fresno—3 men, 13 points.

April 10—Exposition meet—3 men, 11 points.

April 24—Santa Rosa wins in dual with Ukiah by a majority of 30 points.

May 1—S. N. S. League—Santa Rosa wins by majority of 34 points.

May 15—N. W. S. C. I. F. League—Santa Rosa wins by majority of 9½ points.

Captain Russell had a remarkably good season in the hurdles, broad jump and pole vault, scoring points in these events in the large meets, and winning them in the smaller ones. "Boots" also runs a fine lap in the relay. Manager Merritt is always a consistent point winner in the weights, and usually takes the discus. Wayne Weeks has won great honor in the shot put by winning the event in every meet he was entered; he is also a good point winner in the discus. Gnesa's form in the javelin and pole vault was an important factor in the team's success, as he ran up a large score in these events. Myers, our sprinter, showed us greater speed than ever before. He certainly did his part. Miller and Baum made many points in the sprints, and ran fine laps in the relay. Covey and McReynolds did creditable work in the half and quarter mile. While Matthews, Hardin and Pressley made the best runners in the mile. Eddie Koford came through great by winning the hammer in the S. N. S. We were all glad to see Eddie get the honor, as he is a hard and willing worker. He also scored points in the hurdles.

The track team left a record that will stand for years to come. By winning the C. I. F. at Ukiah two more trophy cups were added to our collection.

BASKETBALL

The Orange and Black was represented this term with one of the best basketball teams in its career. The team had three veterans, Hewitt, Fry and Meyers, while Richards broke in at center, and Matthews, a new man from Vallejo, completed the quintet, with Hattie, Hardin and Pressley taking their terms as substitutes.

Mr. Steele had them working hard and in perfect trim before their first contest, which they easily won. They kept up the season at the same pace, winning eleven games to one defeat. The game they lost was won by Tamalpais Union High on their court which, as it was not inclosed, bothered our boys considerably, causing them to lose by two points.

In the C. I. F. League the boys climbed as far as "champs" of Sonoma county, but our one lone defeat kept us from advancing any farther. But in the S. N. S. the boys, after winning the championship of Sonoma county again, won the final game from St. Helena, entitling us to the championship

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of the Sonoma, Napa and Solano Counties League. This game was hard-fought from start to finish, though we obtained an early lead and kept it.

Captain Hewitt, our star forward, played a most remarkable game, making the majority of points by his efficient goal shooting.

Fry, the other forward, played a good consistent game, and though a little weak on goal shooting, his all-round playing made up.

Richards at center played a clever game, he has a good jump, and generally starts the ball rolling the right way. While not a fast player, he is always in the game, putting up a strong fight.

Meyers, our sterling little guard, is certainly the speediest that ever represented our colors. Orrie's long distant goal shooting is another great factor to his success. In a few more years there will be few who will be able to surpass him.

Matthews, the other guard, put up a strong game. He guarded well and played a good offensive game. His goal shooting also bears notice.

The substitutes, Hattie, Hardin and Pressley will be seen more in the future, they are promising material, and will be seen in action soon.

The Year's Record

Santa Rosa High School 62—Tomaes 3.

Santa Rosa High School 49—Sonoma 13.

Santa Rosa High School 34—Sebastopol 14.

Santa Rosa High School 73—Sonoma 8.

Santa Rosa High School 62—Healdsburg 20.

Santa Rosa High School 55—Analy 28.

Santa Rosa High School 71—Healdsburg 17.

Santa Rosa High School 29—San Rafael 26.

Tamalpais 29—Santa Rosa High School 27.

Santa Rosa High School 30—Petaluma 18.

Santa Rosa High School 42—Calistoga 21.

Santa Rosa High School 27—St. Helena 24.

Total, Santa Rosa High School 561—Opponents 201.

Much credit is due to Coach Steele for putting out teams like those of our basketball and track.

BASEBALL

The baseball season this year was not as successful as we had predicted. The boys played a loose game, and they lacked all the team work they possessed last year. The squad was very small in training season, which is another reason for its lack of strength. But next year the team will probably be stronger as only two of the present line-up will be missing. Due credit should be given to Coach Blosser for his work with the team.

Santa Rosa vs. Analy at Sebastopol

In our first contest we met defeat. Fry went into the box before he was warmed up, and two runs were registered off his delivery in the first inning. After the fourth inning he held the Analy sluggers helpless. Jewell pitched a good game, striking out 14 batters.

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Santa Rosa 3—Analy 5.

Santa Rosa 15—Healdsburg 4.

Santa Rosa 4—Analy 6

Santa Rosa 8—Petaluma 4.

Our line-up: Fry, pitcher; Peterson, catcher; Gemetti, first base; Hattie, second base; Maroni, short stop; O'Connor, third base; Colgan, right field; Sullivan, center field; Crist, left field.

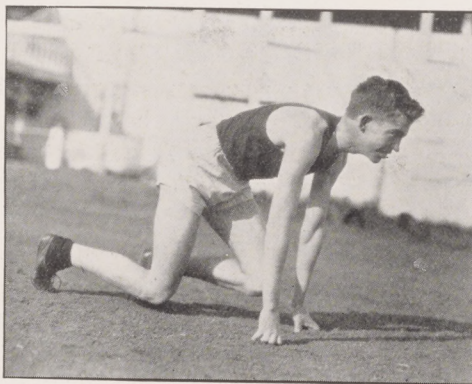
FOOTBALL

The football team, while not doing anything wonderful, showed, that if given a chance could play a good consistent game. Next year there is no reason why the football team should not win a majority of its games. It will be easier to arrange games as Petaluma, and possibly Healdsburg, are going to place teams on the gridiron field. This year we only played two games. In our first game Napa won 13 to 3, but it was a good game, as our boys fought hard. The following week the team journeyed to San Francisco, where they won a hard fought game from Wilmerding, by the score of 10 to 0.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Though few in number, those girls that participated in basketball this semester did extremely well. The team consisted of the following members: Forwards, Alma McDaniels (captain), Alice Koford, (manager); centers (touch), Ora Caldwell (side), Agelina Lepori, Hazel Cooper; guards, Ruth Lambert, Barbara Gilman. Though but a few games were played, the girls brought credit to the school. In the championship the girls won by a large score over St. Helena. At Petaluma we were defeated, although the game was very close. The girls' trip to Sebastopol needs no repetition. Basketball has stood a critical test; the girls that have taken part have been so few in number that it has been difficult to have a good practice. Whether basketball will be a girls' activity next semester depends upon the life and energy the girls put into it. It is the earnest hope of those interested that from about two hundred and fifty girls, fourteen will be found to support and encourage the girls' sole athletic activity.

A. Koford.



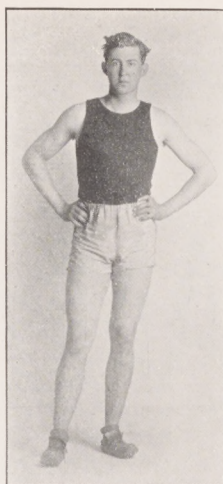
McReynolds



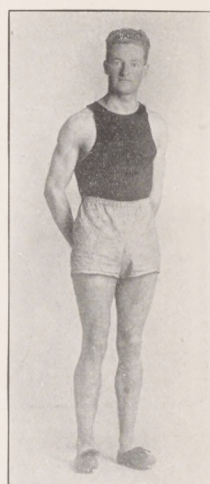
Russell



Merritt



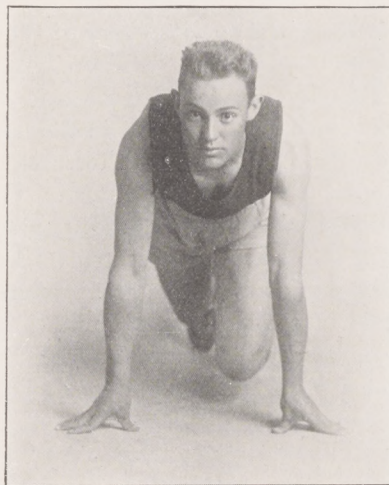
W. Weeks



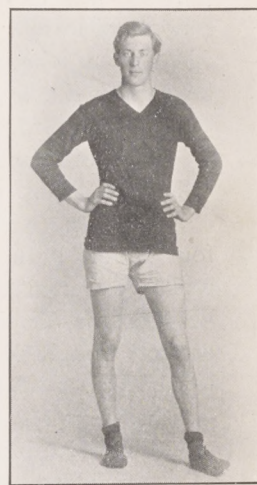
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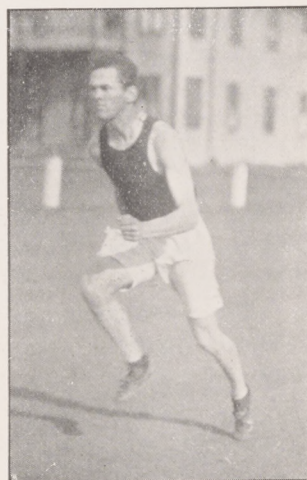
J. Weeks



Matthews



Koford



Baum

Fifty-five



GIRLS' ORGANIZATION

Last term the Senior and Junior girls formed an organization, whose purpose was to encourage self-government by the students, to create more school spirit, and to increase the social affairs of the girls, namely, a number of teas, and the girls' jinks. Under Miss Moodey's guidance the girls have beautified the study hall by providing ferns and flowers, kept the whole building free from defacement, and assisted in the study hall, taking roll, etc.

The teas have proved a success and the lectures interesting. Miss Keech talked on "How to Dress," and Miss Carpenter on "Being a Hostess."

Then the Girls' Jinks! On Saturday night, March 13th, the girls of all four classes gathered in the Annex "gym," truly "dolled up." That was the most wonderful fair Sonoma county ever had. There were side shows and a pavilion for dancing; for a country fair is never a success without a nickel dance. People from Japan, Egypt, Siam, Turkey, South Africa and Hawaii turned out to view the fair, besides cowboys, city folk, and simple country rustics.

The organization officers for last term were: President, Isabella Tod; Vice-President, Dorothy Percy; Directors, Dorothy Wright and Pauline Stahl.

The present officers are: President, Isabella Tod; Vice-President, Madge Wheeler; Secretary, Pauline Stahl; Directors, Viola Graham and Wilma Hocker.

DEBATING NOTES

The debating work opened with tryouts for the team, the result giving places to Leo Sullivan, Grace Titus, Alice Koford and James Stanislawsky, alternative.

Our first S. N. S. Debate was held here, November 30, with Analy Union High, on the question: "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years, and be ineligible for re-election." As the judges were unable to render a decision, a second debate was held at Analy on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should increase her army and navy." Santa Rosa was victorious, thus placing for the semi-finals with the Sonoma Valley Union High.

On February 26 Napa High met our team in the first debate of the Berke-

THE ECHO

ley Interscholastic League, on the subject: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt at the close of the European war, a policy of gradual disarmament with two conditions, (1) that the disarmament take place within thirty years, (2) that a sufficient police force be maintained." Napa won the decision.

The closest contest of the year was held here with Sonoma High School, March 19, Sonoma narrowly winning by their team work. The local debaters were highly commended by the judges for their individual work. The question was: "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned." This closed the league work for the year.

The governing board awarded Leo Sullivan a bronze "S" for taking part in two league debates. The medal was well deserved, as Mr. Sullivan has done the most efficient work of the team, being the main support, and the rebuttal man of the home team.

On June 4, the cup debate was held on the question: "Resolved, That the cities of California adopt a commission form of government. The contestants were Leo Sullivan, Lois Welch, Riley McCulloch and Ross Pool. The debate was for individual work. Mr. Sullivan, who ranked highest, had his name engraved on the debating cup, left to us by the class of 1902.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND

Few in the High School realize the musical activity here, and the progress that is being made among the musically inclined, just through a little systematic team work, directed by Mr. Roy Blosser. Already the band has played several times before the student body, and also at the Friday evening entertainments of the social center, where it has given selections, both popular and classical.

A band is essential to a High School, since by it, enthusiasm can always be kept at fever heat. By the band, the contenders on the field, or track are encouraged, and their chances for victory increased. Our band, both as a student organization and as a band, is entitled to the hearty and undivided support of every student in the school. It can only be maintained by co-operation, and if the support should be withdrawn the band would be forced to suspend.

The members of the band are: Cornets—E. Morrison, J. Coniglia, M. Henry, G. Trosper, J. Forgett, E. Hoffman, E. Leggit. Alto—A. Albera. Paritone—V. Smith. Trombones—W. Landis, E. Nielson. Bass—D. Hodgson. Drums—D. Lucas, L. Kurlander. Piccolo—L. Lindsay. Flute—Talbot.

GOVERNING BOARD

The past term of the Governing Board should be recognized as unusual, owing to the fact that there was only one meeting at which at least a quorum did not attend, and we cannot lay it to our strenuous fights, as those seem

THE ECHO

to have been burried in the past of last term. Only at the first of the term did and discussion arise, but that soon disappeared.

Again, we should recognize this term's work exceptional considering under what difficulties we were forced to labor at times. This matter is in regard to the many resignations that were submitted. Many of these resulted from prejudices, others from lack of school interest; some owing to other work or offices. The following is a list of the resignations accepted: That of C. Peterson from position of yell leader; Emma Fisk from position of sixth term representative; Hazel Ramage from position of second vice-president; L. Sullivan from position of baseball manager; M. Gemetti from position of baseball manager.

The Governing Board has been under a heavy expense this term, particularly in support of our track team. Below is a list of the expenditures for this term:

January 27—		April 1—	
Engraving of N. W. S. L. chal-		Expense of baseball team.....	\$ 6.00
lenge cup75	Expense of baseball team.....	10.00
Engraving of N. W. S. L. relay		Expense of coach to Fresno.....	9.60
cup75		
Expenses of debating team.....	15.00	April 20—	
Expenses of basketball team....	2.05	Shavings	\$ 1.00
February 2—		Telephone to Vallejo25
Outstanding phone bill.....	\$ 1.50	Load of sand	1.50
Bill heads purchased last term...	2.50	Cross bars50
February 16—		April 26—	
Twelve baseballs at \$1.00 each...	\$12.00	Telephone to Suisun.....	\$.31
Cost of a new javelin.....	5.00	Telephone to Ukiah.....	.21
Extra charge for engraving cups..	.15	Postage on hand bills.....	.08
February 23—		Deficits on gate receipts.....	11.50
Expense of boys' basketball team		May 4—	
to St. Helena.....	\$15.00	Cost of music for "Wreck of	
Expense of girls' basketball team		Hesperus"	\$ 2.08
to Petaluma	5.00	Rubdown	1.00
Expense of telephone calls.....	5.80	Expressage on cup to Ukiah.....	.40
Cost of sawdust	1.00	Expenses of track men to Ukiah..	15.00
Rubdown	1.50	Registration fees for Ukiah meet..	3.00
S's for four track members.....	.60	May 5—	
March 2—		Half expenses of band to Ukiah..	\$ 7.50
Telephone bills	\$ 1.79	May 18—	
Cost of batting cage.....	2.61	Electric switches for hand ball	
March 12—		courts	\$ 1.10
Expenses of girls' basketball team	\$ 1.50	Six new lamps for hand ball	
March 16—		courts	2.16
Expenses of baseball team.....	\$ 3.00	May 25—	
Expenses of debating team.....	15.00	S's for two track men.....	\$.30
March 23—		Numerals for four track men....	.60
Expenses of track men to Palo		Engraving of cups	3.95
Alto	\$24.60		
March 30—		Total expenditures	\$214.31
Expenses of track men to Fresno	\$19.20	Refund from games.....	23.50
		Actual expenditures	\$180.81

THE ECHO

Only one special meeting at which music was enjoyed was held, but it proved to be very enjoyable to all present. Also two entertainments for our interest were held; one for the benefit of the student body and the other for the benefit of the school paper. During the first part of the term a performance of the "Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow, followed by some folk dancing and two dramatic skits rendered by the dramatic class was given, the proceeds of which went into the Student Body treasury. On May 27th "Polished Pebbles," an operetta, was given to raise money for the final Echo. Both events proved fairly successful. The officers for the fall term were:

President—C. Peterson.
First Vice-President—E. Crist.
Second Vice-President—I. Todd.
Secretary—J. Matthews.
Treasurer—M. A. Crane.

The following officers held office during the spring term:

President—L. Sullivan.
First Vice-President—A. Farnlof.
Second Vice-President—I. Todd.
Secretary—H. Luce.
Treasurer—M. A. Crane.

ALUMNI NOTES

It is with regret that no more Alumni Notes could be written, but the organization is so large and so scattered that it was almost impossible to get a larger list.

The following from the June '14 class are attending the University of California: Freyman Coleman, Jessie Lingenfelter, Juliet Johnson, E. G. Sewell, Esther Sinclair, Lavenia Snee, Elizabeth Talbot, Mildred Thompson, Clarendon Anderson, '13; Raegen Talbot, '13; Frances Ahl, '13; Viola Lockhart, '13; Sterling Coulter, '13.

Those who are attending the Stanford University are: Mildred Turner, Lawrence Chapman and Charles Chapman.

Margaret Hatch, '14, has taken up library work at Sacramento.

Of the notes from the '14 class, the saddest one to record is the death of Esther Smith. It seemed most untimely that she should answer "adsum" to the Great Master.

Margaret Brown, last year's editor, was successful in passing the teachers' examinations just after graduation, and she is now teaching in Bennett Valley.

Many of the girls are studying at the Normals. At San Jose: Merle Goodfellow, Elaine Norton, Esther Packwood, Bernice Packwood, Irene Campbell, Emily Rued, Elsie Keller, Mildred Wadsworth. At San Francisco: Lola Boyes, Alva Makee.

THE ECHO

A note of interest is the marriage of Ophelia Caldwell, '11, and Lawrence Chapman, '14.

Esther Yeager is training for a nurse at Fabiola hospital.

Lester Smith is at the affiliated Colleges studying to become a dentist.

Clara King and Clara Churchill are at the Lux Domestic Science Normal in San Francisco.

Allison and Ruth Dickson, 13, will graduate from the Chico Normal this June.

Gladys Gilman, 13, is training for a nurse at Lane's Hospital.

Dagney Jewell, '13, is taking special work at St. Luke's Hospital.

This spring Beryl LeBaron was graduated from a domestic school in Boston.

Gladys Carithers is another girl from the '13 class who has taken up dramatic work. She has taken work at Los Angeles.

Barbara Dows, from the '13 class is working at Hosmer's.

Alfred Shelton, '12, who has been following up the study of birds and animals has accepted a chair at the University of Oregon.



With this issue of the Echo, the school year closes, and we bid our Exchanges farewell for a short time. We sincerely hope that the same good feeling may prevail the next semester as that which characterized this term.

Neisha Wa Wa, Dayton, Wash.: Your arrangement is good, but a separate page for the table of contents would be an improvement.

Keramos, East Liverpool, Ohio: Always on time. Your cover design is unique.

The Owl, Fresno, Cal.: Your material is good and your cuts original. You have an A1 paper.

The Wheat, Ritzville, Wash.: We are always glad to receive you. Place your editorial after the literature.

The Columbia News, New York, N. Y.: For a grammar school paper, you are "some" paper.

The Kodak, Everett, Wash.: You have a model paper. Each issue seems to have an improvement.

Cricket, Belmont, Cal.: A good, well written paper. Enlarge your exchange department.

The Cascade, Seattle, Wash.: Although you are small, you are interesting.

B. H. S. Courant, Bradford, Penn.: You have too many ads in the front. Place them after the literature.

The Artisan, Boston, Mass.: You have a fine paper full of interesting topics.

The Quiver, Marion Ohio: Never sandwich your table of contents between the ads. Your arrangement is otherwise good.

The Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.: Your material is good.

Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.: You have a dandy paper. All your departments are well developed.

The Wireless, Dedham, Mass.: You are one of our new exchanges. Keep striving for betterment.

The Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.: Another old and faithful visitor.

The Dawn, Esparto, Cal.: You have a good paper. The exchange department would profit by a few more exchanges.

THE ECHO

The Bluebird, New York, N. Y.: There is much room for improvement in your paper. Place the editorial after the literature.

High School Life, Warren, Ohio: You have a good paper.

The Oriole, Campbell, Cal.: Never forget a table of contents. Your exchange department needs enlarging.

The Midway, Chicago, Ill.: You are the only paper that we receive that is wholly devoted to literature.

The Oracle, Bakersfield, Cal.: A few more short stories would not be out of place in your paper. Your jokes are original.

The Red and Gold, San Francisco, Cal.: A few changes in the arrangement of your paper would improve your appearance.

Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.: You are the largest weekly that we receive. An exchange department would not be out of place.

The Blue Owl, Attleboro, Mass.: A good, well developed paper.

The Budget, Lawrence, Mass.: You are good for your size.

Green and Gold, Oakland, Cal.: You are by far the best tri-monthly that we receive.

The C. L. U. H. Happenings, Lakeport, Cal.: You have a good monthly sheet.

Other bi-monthlies and weeklies received and enjoyed:

San Rafael Hi School News, San Rafael, Cal.

Visalia High School News, Visalia Cal.

The Lark, Pasadena, Cal.

The San Jose High School Herald, San Jose, Cal.

The Weekly News, Berkeley, Cal.

The Samoli, Santa Monica, Cal.

The Normal Outlook, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Normal News, San Diego, Cal.

High School News, South Pasadena, Cal.

Tech Life, Washington, D. C.

The Sequoia, Eureka, Cal.: You arrived just in time for our annual Echo. Your annual is a very commendable issue. Your departments are all well developed. Your cuts are unique and jokes original.

The Wilmerding Life, San Francisco, Cal.: The last exchange to arrive before our annual goes to press. You have a fine and neat looking annual. Your cuts are exceptionally good.



Mr. Steele—"Has anyone read the final chapter of McMaster's history?"

Salem Pohlman—"I have."

Mr. Steele—"The one in school or the one in the library."

S. P.—"The one in school."

Mr. Steele—"I am delighted (?) because the leaves of the one in school have not been cut yet."

* * * * *

Girls were created before mirrors, and have been before them ever since.

* * * * *

"Bubbles in his think-tank.

Nutty in the dome.

Breezy in the attic.

Nobody home."

* * * * *

Miss Gray in giving chemistry assignment:

"Take arsenic for the next lesson."

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—"What is a hypocrite?"

D. Seaton—"A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

* * * * *

"Wind," wrote Marie Dowd in a physical geography ex., "is air when it gets in a hurry."

Mr. Steele's definition of modern "society"—"Nothing."

* * * * *

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why the night falls."

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks."

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall."

* * * * *

Miss Gray (physical geography)—"Please define a mountain range."

Dorothy—"A large-sized cook stove."

* * * * *

Steam—Water that's gone crazy with the heat.

* * * * *

Mother—"You had better keep still or something will happen to you. Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Freshie—"Say, mother, what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

* * * * *

Axiom

Freckles are only skin deep.

Beauty is only skin deep.

Therefore: Freckles are beauty.

THE ECHO

Can'ts

You can't drive a nail with a sponge no matter how many times you soak it.

No matter how tired an elephant may be, he can never sit on his trunk.

You can always tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

* * * * *

Miss Crane—"Is that clear to you, Salem?" (explaining trig)

Salem P.—"Clear as mud."

Miss Crane—"Now, Salem."

S. P.—"Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

* * * * *

Grandmother—"Did you have a good time at the party, Clifford?"

Cliff.—"Not very."

Grandmother—"Didn't you have enough to eat?"

Cliff.—"Yes; but tain't no fun having just enough."

* * * * *

Not Fast, But Effective

"So Sportington has gone into politics?"

"Yes; he's tired of automobiles and aeroplanes. He says the only real excitement is running a steam roller."—Ex.

* * * * *

"How about Jones who didn't have money to get a season ticket?"

"Oh, there was a banana peel at the gateway and he went in on his face."—Ex.

* * * * *

Russel J. (In History)—"I have forgotten, Mr. Steele."

Mr. Steele—"Well, you know, Emerson says we learn by forgetting. A good many of us seem to be learning that way."

First Mexican Senorita—"She is of a very good family."

Second Mexican Senorita—"Yes; one of her ancestors was president of Mexico from 12:10 to 12:16 a. m. one day back in 1912."—Ex.

* * * * *

Ten little Freshies sitting on a line; one snickered audibly, then there were nine.

Nine little Freshies attending a debate; one caught an idea, then there were eight.

Eight little Freshies studying their Latin; one lost his pony, then there were seven.

Seven fresh physiographers examining the creek; one fell in, then there were six.

Six little Freshies, English could not bide; one cut the hated class, then there were five.

Five little Freshies feeling awfully bored; one "made confession," then there were four.

Four little Freshies—fresh as could be; one got too fresh, then there were three.

Three little Freshies crammed 'till morning due; one had a brain-storm, then there were two.

Two little Freshies sitting all alone; one left for other parts, then there was one.

One little Freshie—occupation unknown; tries but can't do nothin'—nobody home.

* * * * *

Mathematical Professor—"I have now completely discussed the theory of probability. Are there any questions?"

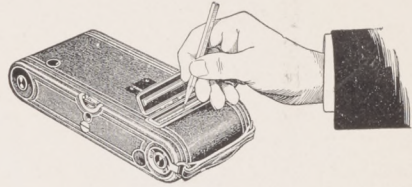
Problematical Freshman—"What are the chances of my getting through the course?"—Ex.

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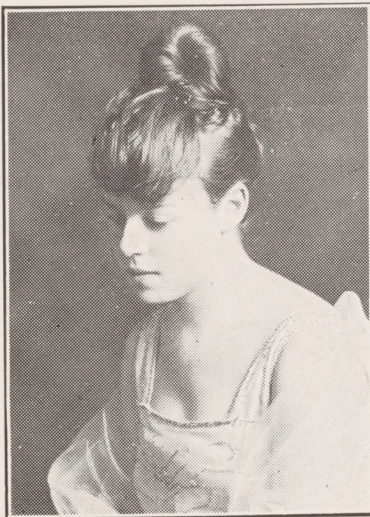
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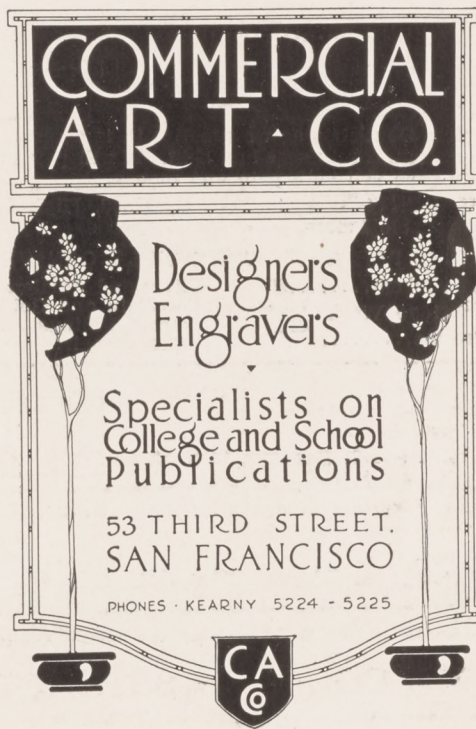
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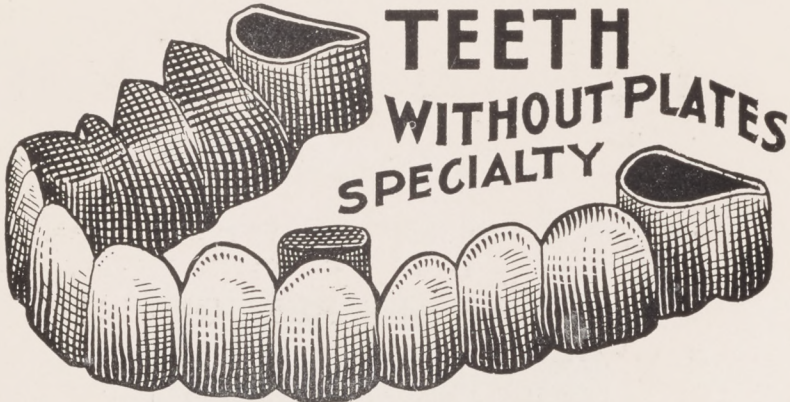
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